

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## New York Clubs.

Nor the Union, nor the Union League, nor the Manhattan, nor the Travelers', nor any of the others which have lately taken to themselves a local habitation in brown-stone mansions up-town. We have to speak of clubs far more extended in their influence than any or all of these—of greater interest to our citizens, which visit them in their homes, and from

whose polite attention no one, however well inclined, can deem himself secure. The Policeman's Club is the true universal Citizen's Club—not alone the terror of evil-doers and the dread of the oppressor, but, unfortunately, also, the shedder of innocent blood and the persecutor of those who do well. It makes a man ashamed of his citizenship to read of the outrages constantly committed by policemen on perfectly unoffending persons. It seems to be a passion

with a certain class of men, as soon as they are entrusted with a club, to try it on the head of some one. As if they had imbibed the well-known exhortation of the leader of an Irish faction fight to his followers: "wherever you see a head, hit it." We have all of us met with men who could not walk through a meadow with a switch in their hands without obeying a natural craving for cutting off the tops of the grass and decapitating the flowers. Phrenolo-

gists will tell us about organs of destructiveness, and all that sort of thing, but we never could see how an organ could be a reason for anything; and if it merely be an indication, we scarcely need indications to point out what is palpable to everybody. But if phrenologists can really distinguish tendencies to cruelty in a man, might it not be worth while for the Commissioners of Police to insist that a candidate for appointment shall bring a certifi-



RECEPTION OF THE GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES, AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PA., BY MAYOR M'MICHAEL AND THE COUNCIL, ON SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 12—THE SOCIETIES SINGING THE SONG OF WELCOME.—SEE PAGE 316.



cate from a phrenologist that his cerebral development shows an excess of benevolence? And should there, in the course of daily examinations, be found some man of exquisite sensibilities, he ought to be reserved for special service under Mr. Bergh.

The eager desire of many men to try the effect of a new weapon, or to exercise some new authority, is one that ought to be sternly checked by the Commissioners of Police, instead of being encouraged, as we frequently see it. The reports of the proceedings before the tribunal in Mulberry street reveal a tone of feeling among the police authorities not only discreditable to them as men, but disgraceful to any one holding office in the city. The first assumption is that a policeman cannot do wrong; and the next, that any one complaining of his conduct is a rogue. Assaults of the most aggravated character have repeatedly been proved against the officers, the details of which, or even a brief outline, our space will not allow us to give; and even in the worst cases a mild reprimand and caution against using excessive force is all the punishment such a favored delinquent meets with. To the disgrace of the Commissioners, their men are sometimes blamed for not having freely used their clubs in emergencies when they thought there was no occasion to be cruel, and are warned, with an awful severity of tone, against the consequences of a repetition of such misplaced leniency! The effect of such an harangue upon a man of zealous but ill-disciplined mind is obvious. He rushes out, determined to do his duty for the future. Woe to the unfortunate man, woman or child who next falls under his displeasure! A broken head is the least mark of his zeal which they will carry away, and any complaints will be unheard, or, if heard, will be without remedy.

The fact is, these outrages on persons by the police are becoming so frequent, and any redress from the Commissioners of Police being so practically unknown, that some strong measures ought to be taken by the community at large to protect those who cannot protect themselves. Now and then it happens that the police attack some man who has the means of making them smart for their brutal assault, but it mostly happens that their assaults are made on a class of our citizens who have neither the means nor the leisure for conducting a prosecution for illegal arrests before the law courts. Artisans and workmen, after being maltreated, are only too glad, on coming out of the hospitals, to get to work again, and cannot reasonably be expected to spend time and money in a struggle against the influence and power of the Police Commissioners. Such a controversy can only be effectively carried on by a Society formed for the purpose, a Society which shall do for human beings what Mr. Bergh has so well done for the brute creation.

We protest against being supposed to underrate the value of a good police force. We fully acknowledge the valuable services to the community rendered by the present Commission, and are not unaware of the difficulty of dealing effectually with the gangs of rowdies that infest our streets by day and night. But a long habit of dealing with criminals seems to have imbued the Commissioners with a notion that they are carrying on a war with society at large, and that when their officers strike at random they cannot strike wrong. They require to be taught that forbearance is as great a virtue as vigilance, and that an officer who uses unnecessary violence breaks the peace as much as a lawless rioter; and we think so useful a lesson can only be enforced by the organization of such a Society as we have named.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1867.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### NOTICE.

MANUSCRIPTS must in all cases be accompanied with the real name and address of the authors, and with stamps for their return, if unacceptable. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost. All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

#### The Department of State and Santa Anna.

MR. SEWARD has given to the public his account of the alleged forcible abduction of Santa Anna from an American ship. Being dated from the Department of State, and published in the daily journals with Mr. Seward's signature, the authenticity of the document cannot be doubted, though it is without any address, and may be, for aught that appears on the face, either a communication to Congress, or a familiar letter to a friend. Either way, it is eminently Sewardesque, that is, exceedingly

verbose, rather dreary; the production of a lawyer, or a special pleader, rather than of a statesman.

We may premise our remarks on some of the statements put forward by Mr. Seward by saying that, as far as Santa Anna's personal character is concerned, we do not think it worthy of any attempted defense. The world has long since pronounced on it an irreversible judgment. But were he a thousand times more vain, petulant and treacherous than he is, had he been an avowed enemy of Mexico instead of her self-styled friend, had he even been a foreigner attempting an invasion, and not a native of the country returning home, we cannot see the force of the attempted justification of his capture on American soil—that is, on board an American ship. It is true Mr. Seward does not actually say that Santa Anna was a dangerous, meddling fellow, whom it is just as well to be rid of, but his friends say it for him. He has clearly, in our opinion, convicted the Mexican of one willful falsehood, and it is most probable that if the latter felt any shame at all in the matter, it would only be for having been found out.

But if the private character of a political exile be a reason for the Government of the country where he has sought shelter surrendering him to his enemies, and that Government be the sole judge of his morals, who shall be safe among us? Most people will think Santa Anna a bad and unscrupulous man, while some few may regard him as a pure and noble patriot. We hold that we have nothing to do with either side of this question. He is under our flag, and that flag is his protection, and the same principle that denuded him of that protection would have surrendered Garibaldi to the Pope, Mazzini to Italy, or Stephens to the British Government. Unfortunately both in the D'Arguelles case and in this of Santa Anna the previous careers of the men have alienated them from the sympathies of the people. But the danger of taking this narrow view of the subject is this, that one man's power is made superior to law, and while to-day it removes disagreeable visitors, it may to-morrow be employed in banishing the best and most honored. In either case it is the exercise of unlimited despotism.

In his anxiety to make out a case against Santa Anna, Mr. Seward is disingenuous. He states that the memorial he is considering "gives no evidence that the Virginia was employed in the regular course of trade or passage as a merchant vessel," but "was under his (Santa Anna's) absolute control, in a military, or at least a political expedition of his own, in violation of the laws of the United States." We find, however, on examining the regular shipping-lists, that the Virginia is a regular trader from New York to Vera Cruz and Sisal; that she was advertised in the usual way for passage or freight for a week at least before the 22d of May; that after her return from that voyage she was again advertised for the same trip; and that she is in habit of carrying goods and merchandise both to and from Sisal and Vera Cruz. To pretend, therefore, that this vessel was chartered expressly by Santa Anna for an illegal voyage has about as much meaning as the assertion that Mason and Slidell had chartered the Trent would have had. It is proper here to ask, if the Virginia was on an illegal voyage, why did not Captain Roe, of the Tacony, seize her, instead of reshipping Santa Anna on board? And, again, why was she allowed to clear at our Custom House on a second "illegal" voyage after the illegality of the first was discovered? We observe that Mr. Seward carefully guards himself against asserting positively that the Virginia was on an illegal voyage: he says that the complainants on behalf of Santa Anna give no proof of its legality, or that she was not under his sole control, and insinuates, therefore, that she went to Sisal by his orders. Will the Secretary excuse us for reminding him that violations of truth are of two kinds—that there is a *suggestio falsi* as well as a *suppressio veri*, and that he gains very little by proving that Santa Anna was not acting, as he stated he was, under the authority of the President, while on his own part he shows such a perversion of the true facts regarding the Virginia's voyage.

When we come to examine the reported facts relative to what took place on board the Virginia at Sisal, we are bewildered by the contradictions of the opposing statements. The confusion could scarcely be made worse if yet another statement should be made, verified on oath, that Santa Anna never was at Sisal, or that no such steamer as the Virginia existed. On the one hand we are told that on the 12th of June, while the Virginia was at Sisal with Santa Anna on board, having been placed there at Vera Cruz by the Captain of the Tacony with orders to the Captain of the Virginia to convey him to Cuba or to the United States, Don Luis Gomez, commander of the Liberal fleet, went on board and demanded his surrender; that this was refused as being in violation of the instructions of Captain Roe of the Tacony, whereupon a demonstration of force was made, armed boats crews came on board and forcibly removed Santa Anna,

taking him on shore, and putting him in the power of his deadly foes. On the other side, Mr. Seward alleges, on the strength of some letters said to have been written by Santa Anna, that he went on shore voluntarily at the invitation of Colonel Medina, commander of the land forces, and the only opposition to this step arose from the captain of the Virginia, who only finally allowed him to land "under protest." Mr. Seward, however, admits a doubt as to the authenticity of these letters, while asserting that the Virginia went to Sisal, under the direction of Santa Anna, "who was in command of the same military armed expedition against Mexico which he had prepared within and conducted from the shores of the United States."

We have shown that Vera Cruz and Sisal are the two regularly advertised ports of call for the Virginia, and as there is no evidence that Santa Anna "was in command of an armed military expedition to Vera Cruz," Mr. Seward is quite safe in asserting that at Sisal he was in command of the same force that he took to Vera Cruz, that is, none at all.

The optimism of our accomplished Secretary of State shines brilliantly in the concluding paragraph of this "general epistle." "That nation (Mexico), seems at last to have triumphed over all its internal and foreign enemies, and to have reached a crisis when, if let alone, it may be expected to restore tranquility and to reorganize itself upon permanent foundations of union, freedom and republican government." This is the same hand that wrote "that the possession of Mason and Slidell was of less importance because of the waning proportions of the rebellion," and whose famous sixty days' drafts on futurity were never honored. Would it not have been more in accordance with truth had Mr. Seward written, "Part of that nation having by detestable treachery triumphed over the opposing faction, has put all the captured leaders inhumanly to death. If let alone, it may be expected to restore tranquility by confiscating the property of all its political opponents, and killing all foreigners in cold blood; and thus, relapsing into its ancient paganism, when its hideous deities were appeased only by human sacrifices, reorganize itself on the foundations of rapine, murder, and a military priesthood?"

#### Charles Dickens.

THE English press, with its usual habit of finding fault with everything on this side of the water, has been making some rather unsavory remarks on the advertising use made by a well-known Boston publishing-house of a letter written to it by that sublimest of Cockneys, the author of "American Notes for Present Circulation." We shall not discuss that part of the question, but confine ourselves to the simple fact that, when Mr. Dickens wrote the following statements, he must have known that he was putting in circulation a barefaced falsehood, which even, with his insane desire to slander American publishers as a class, he should have "paused before penning." The only alternative is forgetfulness; but men—especially literary men—do not usually forget sums of money of the magnitude we are about to speak of. If Mr. Dickens's friends choose to assert that his mind and memory are failing, that, of course, is quite another matter; but we have not yet heard of this excuse for him, nor, in fact, of any other. The letters are these:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,  
Monday, 8th April, 1867.

Allow me to express my high sense of the honorable manner in which you have made me—retrospectively as well as prospectively—a sharer in the profits of your diamond edition of my books. This act of justice on your part, enhanced in my estimation by its having no parallel in my experience, and by the delicate manner of its discharge, binds me to my American publishers, whose interests are identical with my own.

Dear sir, faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

I have read the newspaper-cutting you have sent me in which it is stated that I have an interest in—have derived, do derive, or am ever to derive pecuniary advantage from—certain republications of my collected works in the United States, not issued by you.

Once for all, receive my personal authority to contradict any such monstrous misapprehension. \* \* \* In America, the occupation of my life for thirty years is, unless it bears your imprint, utterly worthless and profitless to me. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Now some of our readers may perhaps be astonished to find that Mr. Dickens has during the last twenty-five years been in the habit of receiving large sums of money from the Harpers, Petersons, Hurds, and other publishers for his various works, as they have from time to time appeared, amounting to nearly forty thousand dollars, not including five thousand dollars from Mr. Bonner for a story he wrote for the New York *Ledger* some five years ago, a story which if written by a any one but Charles Dickens would scarcely have commanded as many cents.

There is something ludicrous in the childish gratitude which Mr. Dickens displays for the modest sum generously sent to him by his new Boston publishers. No half-famished cur ever snapped more eagerly at a bone thrown to it, and the devil himself could have no greater horror of holy water than has the author of these advertising letters at the slightest appearance of Truth.

#### Universal Suffrage.

THE Constitutional Convention at Albany seems to be giving itself a great deal of trouble in discussing the project of negro suffrage. Of course there are some members opposed to such a policy, while those who are in favor of it—and they form a large majority—cannot agree among themselves whether suffrage, irrespective of color, shall be submitted to popular ratification as part and parcel of the amended Constitution, or as a separate clause. But are the members of the Convention blind, that they cannot read the handwriting on the wall? Have not Mr. Sumner, in the Senate, and Mr. Stevens, in the House of Representatives, laid it down as an axiom of the Republican party that no State can claim to have a republican form of Government that restricts the suffrage by reason of color? And without a republican form of Government no State can constitutionally claim as a right to be represented in Congress. The text is theirs, but the commentary is our own. There can be no mistake, however, as to the drift of Congress. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, offers the following amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "Article —. No distinction shall be made by the United States, nor by any State, among citizens in their civil and political rights on account of race, color, or previous condition."

The gentlemen in the Albany Convention may save their breath and spend the time allotted to them on some more practical question than negro suffrage. That will be decided in Washington, whatever our State vote may do. It would save some heartburnings if it were imposed upon us by Federal authority and our community were not agitated by its discussion. Let us look at the future: Suppose a majority in this State should reject unqualified negro suffrage, how can it hereafter avoid submission to a Federal law imposing it? Even supposing the majority adopt it, will it not look as if a knowledge of what was coming extorted a cheerful acquiescence in a measure, which, either with or without that acquiescence, is inevitable?

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

THE event of the week, which excites all the newspaper people, is the report of Gladstone's speech at the banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner recently in London. The ex-Chancellor took occasion to speak most highly of the press, of the influence it had on our modern civilization, and to express fully the obligations he felt himself under to it for the advantage it had been to him.

Here is an evidence of appreciation which delights all the writers for the press. Somehow or other there was a secret consciousness growing up silently in their hearts, that, though they bragged a good deal of their influence, and swaggered loudly about the power of the Fourth Estate, yet a good deal of it was pure "bum-combe," and not a whit more respectable or trustworthy than the peddler's laudations of his own wares.

But here now comes a leading public man, one whose services as Chancellor of the Exchequer must have given him a considerable faculty for the discovery of values, who unreservedly states that the press is a living power. So go too! who now shall deny it?

Well, it is. There are some thousands of journals in this country, dailies, weeklies, semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies, and the amount of paper they consume yearly is enormous. It has made such a demand for old rags, that even the Italian lazaroni forgets his hereditary shiftlessness, and saves his tatters after they have lost their use to him as garments, and sends them over to us to serve once more as paper.

The scientific alarmists claim that they are the vehicle for the introduction into this country of all sorts of diseases, but no one has yet suggested that the last end of those rags is worse than their first.

It is true, and there is no denying it, that there is a demand in the modern world for newspapers, and that therefore they are manufactured in such quantities; but that the press has any great influence upon opinion, or that it in any way leads society, is hardly as demonstrable a fact. It could and would if it desired to do so. But the idea of a shrewd journalist is like that of the shrewd politician—his aim is to strike the popular taste, and neither of them seems to believe that there is any success out of this basis of expediency.

Perhaps there is not. Perhaps the people are not ready yet for the honesty of truth; but if so, the success gained is a disgraceful one.

There was a tree-spoken sheet once published in Boston, which printed one day a letter from a correspondent, in which, after commending the course of the paper, the writer went on to say that he could not get along without it, since he used it every morning after reading it for kindling his fire. This may be a hint toward a comprehension of much of the circulation of newspapers. One of our large double or triple sheets at four cents may be a cheaper kindling than any of the preparations sold for the purpose, while it has the further advantage of throwing the reading matter in for nothing.

For a person whose occupations oblige him to look daily through a large set of "exchanges," this or any similar reason would afford a more satisfactory account for their "being" than any other, for no explanation could meet the exigencies of the case.

The influence, however, of the newspapers must be great. Let them, however, be satisfied with claiming it as it is, and not insist on making it something more. They are in the first place the diffusers of news; and secondly, the distributors of general information. They inform and amuse, but hardly instruct. An instructor must know more than his pupil; but as we see, the newspaper seeks only to suit what it says to its readers' preformed opinions or prejudices.

Nor can the newspaper lay any claim to be called literature. It is a division of hum in industry entirely apart from this domain of the muses. It is a modern branch of industry, and requires an entirely new class of men from those who have made any nation's literature. Sydney Smith said that it was bad for a reviewer to read the books he was going to write about, a new to do so might make him prejudiced. The saying, despite its paradoxical air, has a great deal of truth in it. So is it with the newspaper writer, apart, that is,



from the reporter; he does not need to—in fact he should not think deeply or seriously, concerning the subject he writes about. What he says must be what his readers think, but put so as to seem new to them. In France there must be a certain spirit and wit in the way it is said. There must be an epigrammatic snap in the ideas, or at least in the sentences. In England there must be a certain staidness of style, a pretence of profound thought, which is really nothing but stolidity and a strict impersonation. Here—but here there is everything. We have not yet developed our newspaper. The field is simply scratched; it will need the use of subsoil plow, and the introduction of a scientific system of drainage, before we will have a growth which can be called our own.

Meanwhile there is at present an amusing contest going on between the two rival penny evening newspapers, which is entertaining to all those cognizant of the facts. The rival of the first was started to run its opponent out of the field, and in order to gain a circulation, the story goes that it is given away to boys. But mark how this course acts. The boys take it to the office of the opposition, and exchange the papers they have received for nothing for the other, at the rate of five for one, and are thus enabled to do a large business without the need of any capital; so some persons, at least, are benefited by these new ventures.

#### Amusements in the City.

Orientalism has been on the rampage here for a week or so past. Marshall & Doyle's Mikado troupe of Japanese at the Academy of Music, while at the Olympic there has been a "grand combination" of Arabs and Japanese. The latter combination appeared on Monday and Tuesday of the present week at the Brooklyn Academy.

On Monday of this week Mr. John Brougham commenced a limited engagement at the Olympic, where he has revived, with new scenery and appointments, his famous extravaganza of "Columbus Reconstructed." It is needless to add that the Olympic, with this piece on the boards, is drawing, and likely to continue drawing, houses far above the summer average.

As this is Mr. Dan Bryant's last week at Wallack's—the fourth week of "The Bells of Shandon"—seekers after city amusements would do well to seize the opportunity of witnessing that successful piece. Mr. Bryant took his benefit on Friday evening last. Next week Wallack's will be occupied by Miss Lotta and company, with light comedies and other such entertainments suited to the probable condition of the thermometer.

A new dramatization of Edmund Yates's "Black Sheep," by Mr. F. Maeder, was produced last week at the New York Theatre, where it still continues to run. That favorite actress, Miss Rose Eysing, plays a leading part in the piece, which has been adapted with considerable skill. The author, Mr. F. Maeder, is also in the cast.

At the Broadway Theatre Mrs. Julia Dean has played, among other characters, during the past week, that of Adrienne Le Couvreur, a part in which this lady's acting appears to better advantage than hitherto during her *revue* here.

Shakespeare has been succeeded at the Bowery by Messrs. G. W. and W. H. Thompson, who, assisted by their trained dog Hector, have been giving here a succession of appropriate pieces, such as "The Butcher's Dog of Ghent," "Robert Macaire," and "Rival Dutchmen." On Friday evening last a varied performance took place at this house for the benefit of the manager, Mr. W. B. Freleigh, one of the attractions being the celebrated *danceuse*, Mademoiselle Marietta Ravel, in her impersonation of the "French Spy."

Kelly & Leon's popular place of amusement will reopen July 29th.

On the same evening Tony Pastor's Opera-House will be re-opened, with a succession of musical burlesques and other east side entertainments.

Theodore Thomas's concerts at Terrace Garden continue to be among the most attractive amusements of the season. There was an extra concert given at the Terrace on Saturday evening last.

Mr. H. L. Bateman has lately returned to this city from Europe, where he has made an engagement with the famous Offenbach troupe, whose light French operas will form a leading entertainment here in the ensuing fall.

#### ART GOSSIP.

CONSTANT MAYER is engaged upon a picture which has for its subject Whittier's "Maude Muller." It is a life-sized composition, and will probably be on exhibition here early in the ensuing fall. M. Mayer has also upon canvas a half-length picture of an Indian woman with embroidered work for sale—a purely American subject which seems hardly ever to have been touched by any of our best artists.

There are several new cabinet pictures from the pencils of European artists of repute now on view at Schauss's Art Gallery. Among these is a very charming one by Trayer—subject, a young lady engaged in teaching a child. This picture is in oil, but Trayer works equally well in water colors, specimens of his skill in which branch of art not unfrequently find their way to this country.

A small picture of Verkeyden is notable for much grim humor of the Dutch kind. A stout, red-faced, culinary man, stands by the kitchen-range, engaged in the manipulation of an omelet. He has found a bad egg, is testing it by olfactory evidence, and the verdict expressed upon his features is about as strong as the egg itself can possibly be.

D. Col, many of whose works are annually imported to this country, is well represented here by a small picture of a market stall. The rubicose poultryer stands in his doorway, while a bargain about a hare is being driven by his wife at the stall outside. There is some very picturesque architecture in this composition. An interior by Seignac, with a woman of the rustic sort and a little child, is notable for finish as well as for character, well selected and expressed.

There are two small ovals here by Toulmouche, an engraving after one of whose pictures appeared in the last number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. These are fancy female heads, one with a tearful eye and widowed aspect; the other joyful and smiling like a happy bride. In the same gallery there are many other pictures worthy of observation, but the ones just mentioned are among the newest arrivals, and fresh art treasures may soon be expected from Mr. Schauss, who is still in Europe.

A small picture, by J. B. Irving, in the Rags Gallery, to which we referred not long since—subject, a lady nursing her infant—has, we are informed, been bought at a fairly remunerative price. The picture is one which may safely be placed in juxtaposition with many similar subjects from the French or Flemish schools.

T. Addison Richards, the Corresponding Secretary of the Academy of Design, is now in Europe, engaged in observing the working of the various schools of design there, with a view to improvements in art education here.

#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 5, 1867.

The news of the execution of Maximilian—its effect—Suspension of the Fêtes—What Some Yankee-Philistines Didn't Do, and What the Americans Did Do—What the Press Says—The Distribution of Prizes—Honors to the American Sanitary Commission—About Red Ribbons and How to Get Them—Sale of American Iron-clads—Celebration of the Fourth by Loyal Americans, &c., &c.

The news current for some days of the execution of Maximilian is at length confirmed by the official announcement in the *Moniteur* that the grand review in the Champs Elysees will not take place, that all the pro-

posed fêtes to the Sultan will be suspended, and the court go into mourning for twenty-one days. A portion of the Americans in Paris, who proposed to have an open air celebration of the Fourth of July, in the garden known as the Pré Catalan, Bois de Boulogne, are so affected by the news, and sympathized so deeply with the court, that they have given up their celebration. It is not known if they have determined to go into mourning yet, nor whether they propose to fast for any protracted period. There is, however, another portion of Americans here, who are not so overwhelmed with grief on account of the merited punishment of the instrument with which European despotism sought to destroy the Republicanism of America, the author of the infamous decree of the 3d of October 1865, as to lose their appetites or surrender the privilege of celebrating the birth-day of that glorious system of the antagonism to which Maximilian was the embodiment. They propose to celebrate the day—how the more glorious, because the enemies of our country have failed in their machinations—by a dinner at the Grand Hotel, of which I may make some mention in a later paragraph.

Taken all in all, human history does not accord an episode more *rotund*, as the French would say, more complete in all its parts, than this of Mexico, which culminated so dramatically at Queretaro. There is nothing wanting to enforce the lesson which it teaches. Originating in the deep and malignant purpose of destroying the Republicanism in America, for the execution of which purpose the assumed subversion of the country which is equally the originator, exponent and defender of that system, seemed to offer a ready opportunity—prosecuted under the loftiest and most lying of pretences, with impious invocations on behalf of humanity and civilization, European intervention has ended in Mexico, as it had previously ended in Santo Domingo, Chile and Peru, in defeat and disgrace.—France and Spain have slunk away from the American shores in humiliation and dismay, and their most conspicuous tool has met the inevitable fate of the unsuccessful usurper. Nemesis refused to be foiled of its victim, and the sword of justice could not be turned aside by the appeals of mercy. It is seldom mercy to mankind to give immunity to crime; never where crime has been so flagrant. It is fitting that the French Court should pay the hollow tribute of three weeks' abstinence from its festivities to the memory of a man whom it lured from his retreat of elegance and ease, inspired with illusive hopes, and corrupted with ambitions, which could only be realized through blood and the imposition of exploded systems of Government on an unwilling people. A spirited and excellent woman mourning away her life in a palatial madhouse; an accomplished prince obliged to his death; French honor tarnished; French prestige lost; a Pelion piled on the Ossa of debt—these are among the results, the terrible and exemplary results of European intervention in America, and of the nineteenth century crusade against the principles and system of Republicanism.

The French press is struck breathless by the Mexican news, and speaks only in ejaculations. It did not conceive that the legitimate Government of Mexico would dare to vindicate its rights and powers, as any European State would have done, and would have been expected to do. The disillusion is startling, no doubt, and it is to be hoped it will prove salutary.

The *Monde*, which is retrograde and priestly, believes that "the balls which struck the Emperor have, at the same time, destroyed the independence of Mexico, that focus of anarchy, which will soon be absorbed in the great American Union." So the Latin race is given over, with opprobrious epithets, to the Anglo-Saxon Huns and Vandals, by its late blatant friends.

The *Empire* ejaculates: "The Emperor Maximilian is shot! These words resound painfully in the heart of France. That will be a sombre page in French history that shall relate the annals of the ephemeral reign of Maximilian I." Just as if there might be a Maximilian II!

M. de Girardin, in *La Liberté*, writing from a lib stand-point, says only:

"It may be that the condemnation to death of the Emperor Maximilian and the rigorous execution of that sentence is simply an act of reprisal for the decree of October 3, 1865, in virtue of which Generals Artega, Salazar and others were condemned and executed. However that may be, the day of the deed was a sad one. The condemnation here is general and profound; it may be that the condemnation was not a crime, but it certainly was a misdeed."

The *London (Times) Globe* gives up Mexico to the infernal gods and the Yankees in amiable phrase:

"If the tidings be true, it converts into a tragedy the Mexican expedition, that enterprise so brilliant in idea and so promising in its first stages; and at the same time it covers with infamy the already branded name of the Indian savage who now rules as chief master the miserable and distracted country of Mexico. The effect of this tragedy, this murder, upon Europe will be twofold. It will fill all minds with such a disgust and contempt for the Mexicans, that any general or filibuster from the United States who marches into the country, whether only to rob it of some of its provinces, or totally to extinguish its government and independence, will be regarded no longer with jealousy, but will rather be hailed as one who helps to rid the world of one of its foulest spots. The other effect will be on France. So horrid and ignominious a result of the Mexican expedition will rankle in the minds of the French people, and constitute one more element of Gallic recklessness, which ought to be marked in estimating the tendency of events."

The ceremony of the distribution of prizes at the Palace of Industry on the 1st, was certainly a brilliant, imposing and admirably managed affair. The system by which 17,000 persons were comfortably seated, and every one in his place, was in striking contrast with the hasty-burly of our large gatherings. But this excess of system which separates husband and wife, sisters and brothers, and puts everybody away from everybody that anybody knows or wants to know, is wonderfully repressive of enthusiasm, and hard on the spirits. All sense of individuality is lost, and you might as well be a cog in a concatenation of wheels. Humanity rebels at being converted into machinery.

The consequence was that there was no enthusiasm of an open sort. The "terrific applause" which the newspapers say greeted the Emperor, existed only in the penny-a-liner's imagination. There was a splutter of applause, like the fire of skirmishers in the field, but there was no cannonade, no hearty, substantial, spontaneous cheer. The excellent system of the *danse* which prevails in all the theatres should be introduced into state ceremonies. It would relieve the "horrible calm." I have heard more real cheering in a country school-house in Vermont on a "Glorious Fourth," than broke forth so "irrepressibly," as the papers would have us believe, on the 1st.

You had the Emperor's speech, no doubt, on the morning after it was delivered, through the agency of our enterprising dailies, and you have had their *ad-captum* comments on its jingling common-places and Gallic glorifications. The best that can be said of it, that it was as well read as in the nasal vernacular was possible.

There were endless specimens of "the gilded drift-wood" on the stage, and a proportion of *découvertes* ladies, of whom the Emperor was by far the handsomest. The Sultan is not a grand specimen of Oriental manly beauty. He doesn't understand a word of French, and did not appear as if he wished to do so. His "Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor" (a broad, red ribbon over the right shoulder—that's all) bothered him. He wore a fez. He wore no gloves, and would no doubt have liked a pipe. He didn't know enough to offer his arm to the Empress, who put herself in provoking proximity for the purpose. And his name—queerly enough—is *Assis*. We believe the Caliph of Bagdad and the ancient Commander of the Faithful was altogether a different sort of person. The English Government has provided "an 'otel" for him when he goes to London. They have a good appreciator, "over there," of Oriental greatness. Perhaps, to Americans, the most gratifying incident of the day was the presentation of the Grand Medal of Honor to the Sanitary Commission of the United States. It was a deserved recognition of the vast services of that body, as well as of its excellent, almost perfect, organiza-

tion, which has been unanimously accepted as a model for all Europe. The medal was received on behalf of the Commission by Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the well-known dental-surgeon of Paris, who has been conspicuous and indefatigable in securing a proper presentation of the work and purposes of the Commission in the Exposition, and who has just published a most interesting and valuable treatise on sanitary institutions, which is a fit pendant to his previous "History of the Sanitary Commission of the United States." Among the articles exhibited in the tent of the Exposition is a very fine model of an American railway hospital car, constructed at the expense of Dr. Evans, and forming one of the most interesting objects in the group to which it belongs.

The reception of the medal was commemorated by a dinner at Dr. Evans's house, at Passy, which were gathered most of the distinguished Americans now in Paris, and a considerable number of men eminent for their services in the promotion of sanitary science and sanitary ameliorations in the different countries of Europe. All of these paid eloquent tribute to Dr. Evans's zeal and tirelessness in the same field, and none in more complimentary phrase than the eminent publicist, Michel Chevalier, and the equally eminent journalist, M. Emile de Girardin.

Among the other members of the American Commission who have dedicated themselves to specialties with zeal and success, I may mention Mr. Paron Stevens, who has already got together a very choice collection of pictures, which will prove a real ornament to the circle of private galleries in the American metropolis. It is pleasant to know that American wealth and sound taste so often go together.

The President of the American Commission, Mr. Beckwith, as has no doubt been already announced by telegraph, has received the decoration of Officer of the Legion of Honor, which to him, as a long and probably a permanent resident of Paris, will be of greater service than the inferior grade conferred on Messrs. Howe and Goodwin for sewing-machines, and Messrs. Ruger and Kennedy as members of the Commission. It is likely to be to them, since these gentlemen will hardly care to wear a little red ribbon in their button-holes in the United States, and still less to wear it here, where not to have one in one's button-hole is the exception, and where successful escape from being run over by the omnibuses in the streets for three months entitles the fortunate individual to a ribbon, of right and in course. The remaining fortunate recipients of the ribbon among Americans are Mr. Chickering for pianos, and Mr. Mullist, engineer, a Mr. Smith and a Mr. Berney.

It will be observed that no Englishmen received decorations. This omission was at the special request of the Queen, who discourages the "sporting" of foreign orders by her subjects.

The recent sale of the two American iron-clads, the Onondaga and Dunderberg, to the French Government, is an acknowledged fact, since in the tables of extraordinary expenses of the Government during the past year, just laid before the Legislative Chambers, we find, "for the purchase of the Onondaga and Dunderberg, 14,000,000 francs," equal to \$3,720,000 in greenbacks. The vessels seem to have been bought to keep the hands of the hands of France, and in the fear if not the belief that they are the most powerful vessels afloat. Prussia should have secured them as any cost.

Americans, on this side, wonder why the American Government should deprive itself of such powerful elements of strength as these vessels afforded. The infatuation can only be accounted for on the supposition that the Government does not believe war against the United States possible; that iron vessels would soon go to waste; that we can build better ones when we want them; and that it is best to "realize" on our old iron.

The dinner of Americans at the Grand Hotel to celebrate the Fourth was a complete success. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of J. W. Forney, W. Pembroke Feltz, Edgar Mills, Daniel Dougherty, James Milliken, Edwin R. Shepherd, Alfred Lockwood, E. Geo. Squier, E. H. Harkness.

Mr. Milliken presided. The guests, about 300 in number, sat down at half-past eight. A very large proportion were ladies, justifying fully the unanimous award given to "Columbia's Fair," as the most beautiful women in Paris. The celebration was kept up to a very late hour. Among the speakers were Colonel Forney; Mr. Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Mr. Campbell, late Minister to Stockholm; Mr. Cowden, and others. Mr. Fletcher Harper and Mr. Frank Leslie responded briefly to toasts to the "Illustrated Press," coupled with their names.

No one present seemed to have lost his appetite in consequence of the news from Mexico, nor was there any fear of interruption, in consequence, as was pretended there would be, of the Emperor's disapproval of any demonstration taking place. The managers of the proposed fête in the Pré Catalan, being mostly residents and faithful aspirants for a blushing buttonhole, were prompt to abandon their plans on the first intimation that the Imperial fêtes were suspended. They did so in the following order:

"A communication of the note in the *Moniteur* of today (July 3d), relative to countermanding the public fêtes ordered by the Government, was made at a meeting of the American Committee charged with organizing the Fourth of July fête in the Pré Catalan, and the Committee decided that the celebration of American Independence should not take place. The members of the Committee were MM. Beckwith, Hoffman, Richards, J. W. Evans, Phalen, Berney, Clarke, Andrews, Munroe, Tucker, Balch, Woods, Mathews, Post, Norton, Goodwin, Van Bergen, J. B. Evans."

Messrs. Beckwith, Goodwin and Berney were among the *décorés* of the first of July, and some of the other gentlemen had previously been honored in like manner.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

Senator Wilson has written a letter to a Southern gentleman, which contains the following excellent advice, which it would be well for the South to accept fully, without waiting until the logic of events has further proved its accuracy and necessity: "I will suggest, my dear sir, a sure way for your people to avert from themselves confiscation, remove disabilities, restore law, order, peace, and individual and national prosperity and happiness: Let them abandon, at once and forever, the ideas, principles and policies of their lost cause; strive to conquer the prejudices, hates and passions engendered by their rebellion and the conflict they inaugurated. Let them accept the results of the nation's victory—the unity of the States, the perpetuity of the Republic, the emancipation, enfranchisement and citizenship of their bondsmen, their equality of rights and privileges. Let them do this in spirit as well as in form; let them establish schools for the education of both races; let them encourage the freedmen to be thrifty and temperate; to get homesteads and to engage in industries in various forms. Let them develop the mighty resources our Heavenly Father has given the people of the Sunny South, and cherish a spirit of fraternity and love. Such action will inspire affection, confidence, magnanimity; make confusion an impossibility; cause disabilities speedily to disappear, and bring down upon them, their State's and country's blessings and benefits."

It is reported that there are 2,000 Union Leagues in full operation in the eleven Southern States, with a membership of 200,000 loyal voters.

When the arrangements now in active preparation are completed, it is thought that New York will have the strict quarantine in the city. Just now, however, the fear of yellow fever and the cholera renders the passengers arriving from suspected or infected ports liable to most disagreeable precautionary measures.

The condition of our judiciary is the subject of a searching article in the July number of the *North American Review*. The tone and spirit of the article shows that it is written by some one who is well aware of the truth of what he states, and the disclosures he makes show that justice is as much an article of bargain and sale as potatoes or petroleum. When we reflect that every one of us is liable at any time to have his reputation, his person and his fortune placed at the disposal of these dispensers of justice, the reformation of our entire legal system becomes a matter of the greatest importance.

The principle of co-operation is assuming definite shape. Not only are the various trades co-operating in their special branches of productive industry, but several associations have been formed for supplying the members with the groceries and other things necessary for living, at reasonable rates. It requires only that the movement thus inaugurated should be steadfastly prosecuted in order to bring about an entire change in the present expensive machinery of trade, and at the same time replace its falseness and deceit with honesty and fairness.

The Working-woman's Home is an institution which will soon be ready to commence active operations. The building for the purpose is in Most street, and the object is to provide a home for the sewing-women, which shall at once be comfortable, and contain also provisions, such as reading-rooms, baths, a garden, &c., for making their lives pleasant. The invariable rule of the institution is that the inmates must pay for their accommodation, thus eliminating every idea of charity from the scheme, and securing the sentiment of independence to the inmates. The building will accommodate several hundred persons, and its inauguration and success will be watched with interest by all who are interested in the welfare of this large and hard-working portion of our city population.

The expenses of the Fire Department of this city for 1866 will be, as estimated by the Board, almost \$900,000. In London the expense of the fire brigade is borne principally by the insurance offices, and it would be advisable, perhaps, to introduce some such modification here, since the expense appears to be unwarrantably large. There is no better plan to secure economy than to so arrange matters that a Board like this shall spend its own instead of the public's money.

#### Foreign.

The English Government has acknowledged the receipt from the Library Company of Philadelphia of the four volumes of records of the Court of the Station Chamber, which were recently found in their collection, and has returned a donation of some publications by the Government, amounting altogether to 156 volumes. It is a pity that the Astor Library did not follow the same course a few years ago with the volumes of manuscript records of the police of Paris, which they found in their collection, since if, instead of selling them for old paper to an Ann street dealer, they had returned them where they belonged, this course would have been thankfully reciprocated by the French Government.

A book recently published in London treats of a system invented by a Captain Lierum for the daily offensive removal of fecal solids, fluids and gases by pneumatic force, combined with an improved method of sewage utilization. The system is by means of tubes, emptied by means of air.

The medals at the great Exposition have been distributed with great ceremony by the Emperor himself. Many of the exhibitors were also decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Emperor in his speech spoke most feelingly of the blessings of peace, which was very well for a man who is responsible for more of the recent wars in the world than any other ruler in Europe.

The advent of the Sultan in England was a great event. His Serenity was entertained with a naval review, which is said to have been one of the finest ever made.

The Papal court has an officer whose functions can hardly have dated back to the times of the primitive church. His title is the photographer to the Pontifical court, and the time of the present incumbent, the Abbe Alessandri, is said now to be entirely occupied with taking the portraits of the dignitaries who have gathered in Rome to be present at the Allocution, and who seem to be much more interested in this process than in the objects of their meeting.

The London *Athenaeum*, speaking of the American pictures in the Great Exposition at Paris, says of Huntington's "Republican Court in the Times of Washington," which was sent to the Exposition by its present owner, Mr. A. T. Stewart: "This is rather a collection of homely-studied dresses and portraits without vivacity, although painted well, than a picture in the true sense of the term. Nevertheless, being honest, it is worth a legion of flashy French spectacular pictures, and an acre of its counterparts among ourselves. We look upon this quaint and Quakerish example as the sole valuable specimen of native-born United States figure-painting on these walls."

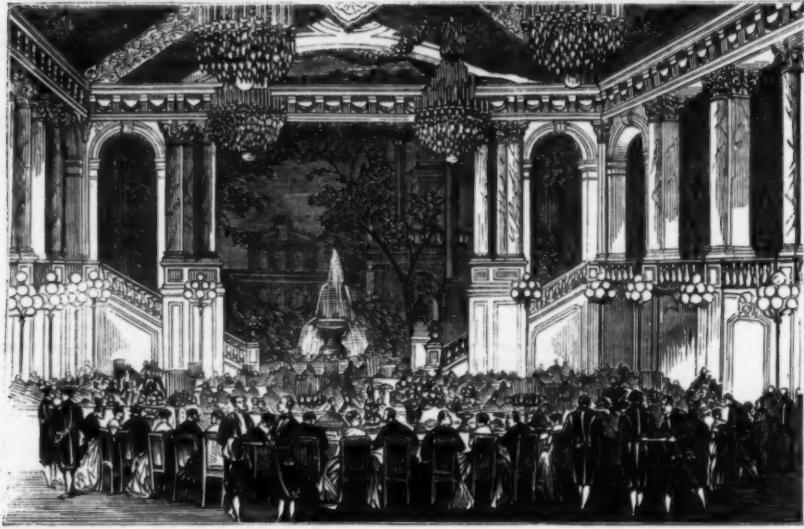
A large quantity of the originals of the famous Paston letters has been deposited in the British Museum. The originals of the first four volumes have been lost for some years; and the fact that this could happen serves to show with which people ordinary writers treat the materials for their history, a carelessness which is quite as common in this country as in England, and equally objectionable in both.

THE myrtle, like the rose, is generally considered symbolic of love, and amongst the Greeks and Romans was consecrated to Venus, around whose temples they planted groves of it, and when her votaries sacrificed to her, they like her attendant graces, wore myrtle chaplets. Mythologists assert that she, the goddess of beauty, was crowned by the Hours with a wreath of this plant when she sprang from the foam of the sea, and that again her head was decked with it when Paris awarded her the golden apple, the prize for supremacy of beauty. Once, when surprised by a troop of satyrs, as she emerged from her bath, she found shelter behind the foliage of a myrtle, and with bunches of the same plant she caused the unfortunate Psyche to be chastised, for having been so audacious as to compare her earthly charms with the celestial beauty of her mother-in-law. Venus was worshipped in Greece under the name of Myrtila, and wreaths of myrtle were worn as symbols of their authority by the Athenian magistrates. Conquerors, who during their triumphs had obtained a bloodless victory, were allowed to entwine their laurel wreaths with sprigs of myrtle. Pliny records that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their weapons under a myrtle tree, and purified themselves with it-boughs. Thus far the myrtle seems to have fully borne the characterization of love, but with the Jews it is the emblem of peace; and that is why Zechariah, in his vision, saw the angel who foretold the restoration of Israel standing in the midst of myrtles. The Arabs have a tradition that Adam, when expelled from paradise, brought this exquisitely-scented plant forth with him. Italian ladies are said to evince a strong partiality for the perfume distilled from the leaves of the myrtle.

It is but a very few years since the poetry of the Serbs was first reduced to writing. M. Vouk Stellanovich Karadjitch was the first to rescue these poems from that state of oral tradition in which they had existed for ages. Like the Greek rhapsodies, they are composed and sung about the land, from village to village, by blind beggars. The poets of Serbia are the blind; and surely there is something touching in this common consecration of the imaginary world as an hereditary possession to those from whose sense this visible work is darkened. The traveler, or the huntsman resting from the chase, is some wild way-side *mlila* or tavern (a mere mud cabin on the windy mountain side, and generally near a mountain spring), as, followed by his dogs, he seats himself upon the bench by the ingle, may not see, amid a group of eager, weather-beaten faces, the blind bard with his hollow, wooden gusle, covered with sheepskin, and traversed by a single string. This instrument is placed upon the knee, and played like a violin. First, a series of long wailing notes commands the attention of the audience; then a pause, through which you hear the harsh grating of the *gusle* string; and then roll forth the long monotonous verses of the poem, of which Marko Kraljevitich is probably the hero; a sort of burly, brawling viking of the land, with just a touch in his composition of Roland and the Cid, but with much more about him of Gar-gantua.



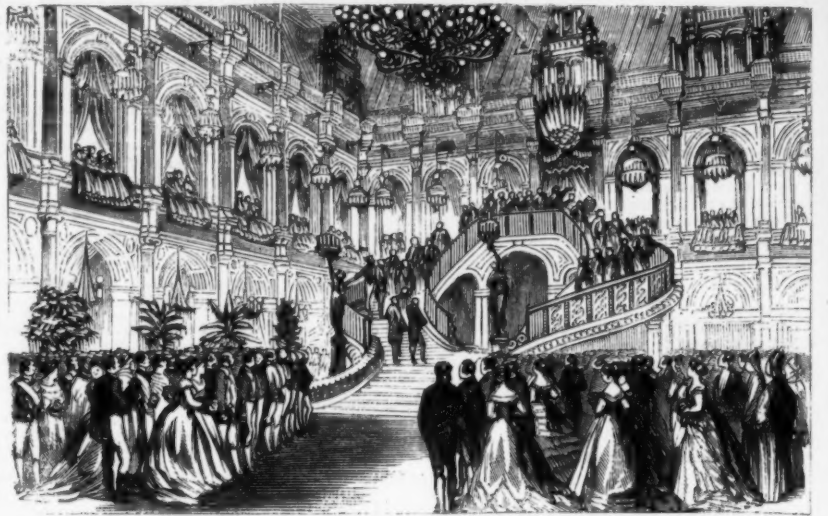
The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



THE FESTIVITIES IN PARIS—STATE SUPPER AT THE TUILERIES.

Our page of the Spirit of the Foreign Illustrated Press for this week is almost entirely occupied with illustrations of the festivities inaugurated in celebra-

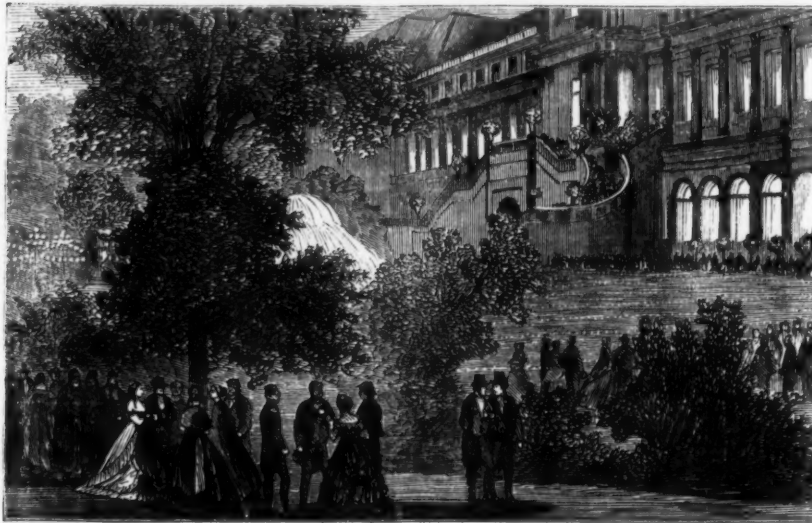
guests. Another of our illustrations represents the state supper on this occasion. The fête given by the City of Paris to the royal visitors at the Hotel de Ville



FETE GIVEN BY THE CITY OF PARIS TO THE SOVEREIGNS OF RUSSIA AND PRUSSIA.

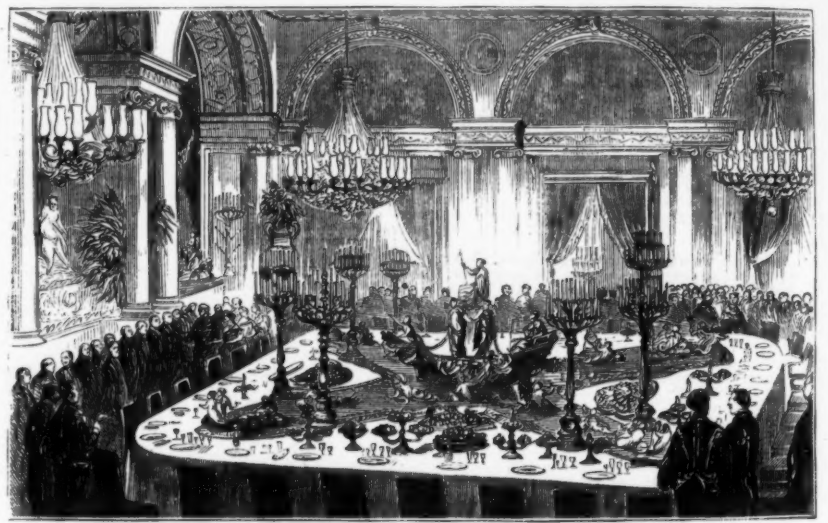
and finest in Europe. The ball given at the Prussian Embassy forms the subject of still another picture. That given by the Russian Embassy was illustrated in

sion of the Te Deum performed to celebrate his escape from assassination, completes the series. The Russian church in Paris is decorated in the interior with



FETE AT THE TUILERIES GIVEN BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

tion of the visit to the Great Exposition of the Emperor forms the subject also for two of our illustrations; in of Russia and the King of Prussia. One of the one of them a view is given of the grand staircase in



FETE AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE IN HONOR OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

a recent issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS- almost barbaric splendor. The mosaics, on backgrounds PAPER. The imperial box at the opera is shown also of gold, which almost completely cover the sides, the



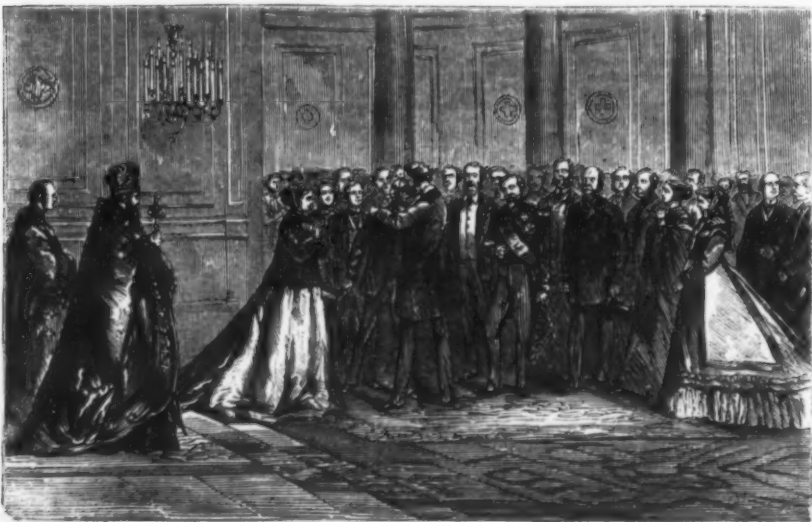
BALL GIVEN AT THE PRUSSIAN EMBASSY, PARIS.

series represents the fête given at the Tuileries by the the hall of Louis XIV., and the general appearance of Emperor and Empress of the French to their two royal the hall itself, which is considered one of the richest



THE IMPERIAL BOX AT THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

In this issue, and with a picture of the Emperor of Rus- brilliant colors of the paintings, and the stained glass sia embracing his sons in the Russian church on occa- of the windows, give an Eastern air of splendor to the

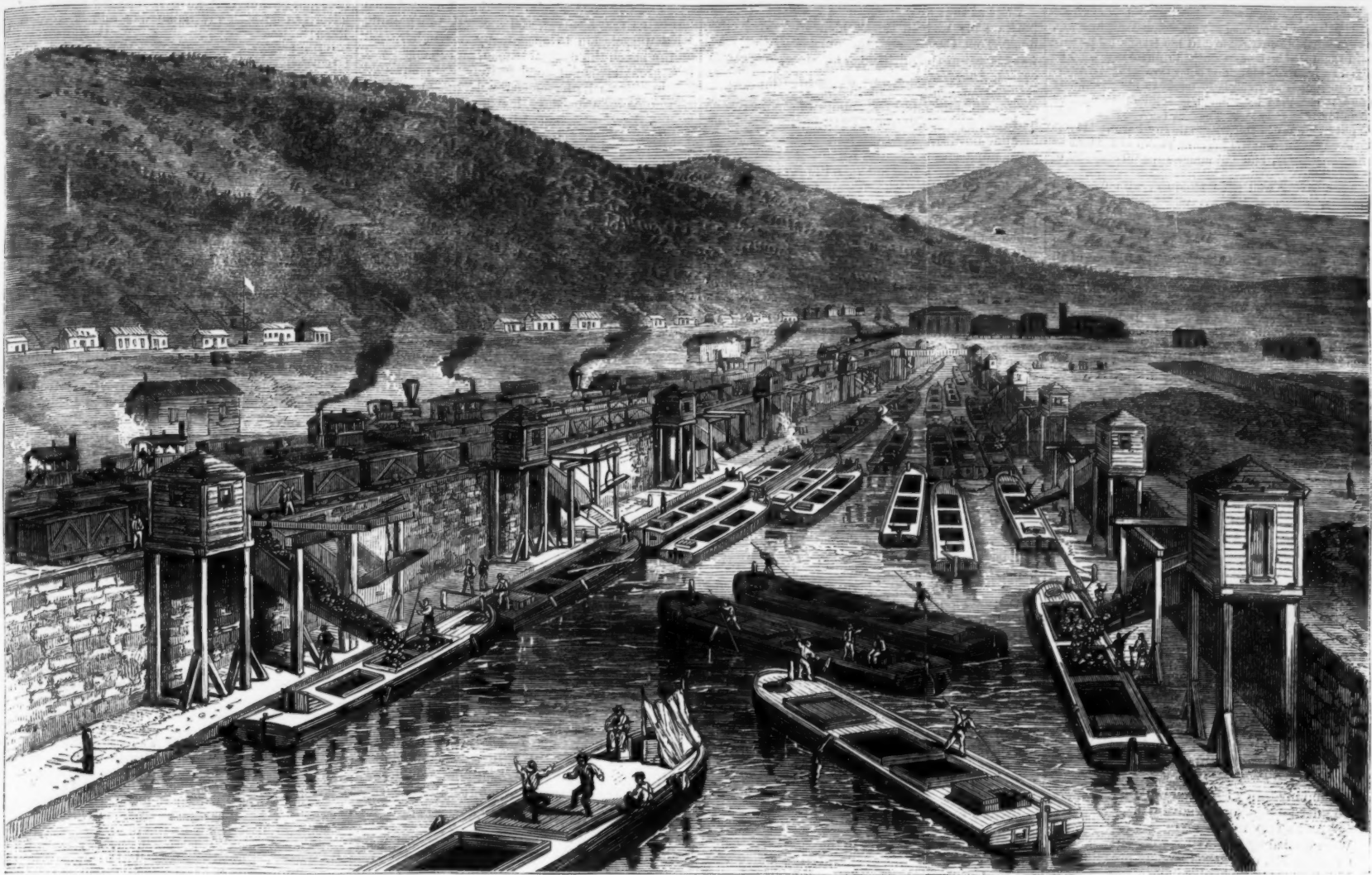


EMPEROR OF RUSSIA EMBRACING HIS SONS AT THE TE DEUM SUNG AT THE RUSSIAN CHURCH, PARIS.



DUTCH CAFE AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE PAYS BAS, PARIS EXPOSITION.





THE COAL DEPOT AT PORT CARBON, PA.—LOADING THE BOATS FOR THE COAL MARKET.—SEE PAGE 311.

inside. This continual ovation of *fetes*, inaugurated in honor of the visit of the kings to Paris, and which seem intended to vie with and surpass the famous glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was brought to an untimely end by the news of the execution of Maximilian in Mexico, nor is to be wondered at that this event should have cast a gloom upon the spirit of the occasion. The people of Paris also, who know that indirectly they will have to bear the expense of this display, were not in the best humor with its extravagance, and this temper was not improved by the reminder of the useless expenditure of French blood and treasure in Mexico, of which the news of Maximilian's death served as a most forcible reminder.

#### The Dutch Cafe in the Park of the Great Exposition.

In leaving the reserved garden of the Great Expo-

sition by the entrance which leads into the park and turning toward the left, the visitor will find himself in front of the Dutch cafe, an establishment easily recognizable by the large looped-up curtains instead of windows, and where genuine *Amsterdamsche likeuren* are vended to such comers as are partial to particularly strong drinks. The Dutch cafe and restaurant is situated at the eastern side of the palace, and its main attractions seem to be, not its schnapps and other strong drinks, for these are rarely ordered, but its young Dutch *fräulein*, attired in picturesque costumes, with circles of gold round their heads and long earrings formed of strings of coins. One of them, who acts as *dame de comptoir*, is considered a sort of beauty, and is sighed over all day long by stout, middle-aged men, who loiter near her with *bocks* of beer before them, from which they are continually imbibing. The interior of the cafe is decorated with national flags, and from the roof hang some handsome terra-cotta vases filled with flowers.

#### Joaquín del Manzano y Manzano, the Captain-General of Cuba.

DON JOAQUIN DEL MANZANO Y MANZANO was born in Albuquerque in Extremadura, on the 10th of March, 1805. His parents following his military inclinations, placed him as a cadet in the College of Artillery. In September, 1827, he was promoted to the position of lieutenant in the first company of the second battalion of the second regiment of Grenadiers of the Royal Guard of Infantry. During the civil war he took part in various actions, passing through the various grades of advancement, and on the taking of Berge, in July, was promoted to the position of colonel. In 1843 he took part in the movement of that year, and was by the "Junta" made a colonel. For his services in the war of Catalonia he was further promoted to the position of field-marshal, and when Jose de la Concha was made Governor of Cuba, Manzano was given the position of

chief aid, and recently has been appointed as Governor of that island. General Manzano has been decorated with various orders, and is a member of various scientific societies in Cuba, and also in Europe.

#### GENERAL MOSQUERA.

THE recent news from Colombia of the *coup d'état*, by which General Mosquera's authority has been overthrown, has again brought him prominently before the public, and we consequently give in this issue his portrait. A correspondent from Carthagen thus describes the *coup d'état*:

"On the 22d of May the Grand General, Mosquera, was invited and attended a dinner given in his honor in the capital by the executive officers. After the entertainment, he retired to the palace, and had enjoyed a few hours' repose, when, at about three o'clock in the morning, he was aroused by the noise and clamor of the



GEN. MOSQUERA, EX-PRESIDENT OF NEW GRANADA.



JOAQUIN DEL MANZANO Y MANZANO, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.



soldiers and populace assembled in the plaza in front of the palace. He at once got up, donned his uniform, and mounted his charger to lead his troops (as he supposed them still to be), in order to put down what he judged an insurrection. But before reaching the street he reconsidered and returned again to his room, only to find it occupied by a body of soldiers detailed by Acosta for this purpose. They at once arrested him, and put him out of condition to do any harm. He was afterward confined in the building known as the College of San Bartolomé, and put under a guard composed of the militiamen.

"After having well plied Mosquera with wine and delicacies, and gratified his vanity with eulogistic speeches, Acosta and several of the leading army officers sent him to bed, and at once brought out the troops to carry out the above plan. Mosquera never suspected the men who are at the bottom of the plot, least of all Acosta, who has taken the oath, assumed the Presidential chair, and formed a new ministry, consisting of Generals Mendoza, Ferro and Martine and Dr. Gutierrez. An extraordinary session of Congress has been convened, and Mosquera will be brought before that body on a charge of "high treason."

The establishment of Mosquera's power in Columbia was a part of the scheme of European intervention on this side of the Atlantic, and assumed its prominence during the height of our civil war. It would now appear, however, that, like the imperial scheme in Mexico, it has been doomed to failure, and the people of Columbia will be left to work out their own destiny, untroubled by any foreign intervention, under any specious disguise whatsoever.

### THE CITY OF YOUTH.

In the desert land God gave to me,  
That owed no homage, save to me,  
I was a king, of old;  
Far o'er the lonely sands I gazed,  
And with my royal hands I raised,  
A templed tower that grandly blazed  
Marble and steel and gold.

I planted palms around it there,  
And trained the vines, and found it fair,  
And made my royal home  
Where hanging gardens sought the light,  
And o'er broad noon shade brought the night,  
And dreamed that I had wrought it right,  
And crowned it with a dome.

Around my tower I builded walls  
To guard my gay and gilded halls,  
And all my fairy bowers  
Were circled by the bristling crests  
Of ramparts, on whose listening breasts  
My warriors in their glistening vests,  
Kept watch for all my towers.

I heeded not that, far away,  
The weary waste still marred the day,  
While all my work was mine,  
And thought my long endeavor o'er,  
Nor dreamed that fate, however sore,  
From me could tear, forevermore,  
My realms so fair and fine.

But ebbing time brought woe and shame;  
Across the desert fomen came  
And battered down my towers;  
My slaughtered warriors bled in vain,  
My bravest fought, but fled again,  
And thickly strewn the dead were lain  
Among my pleasure bowers.

Sad, in the ruins now I wait,  
And 'mid the ashes bow to fate,  
And on the desert gaze,  
And deem that no world's way is right,  
And fear that what men say is light  
Is darkness, and the day is night,  
For all its burning rays.

The shadows mock the solemn walls,  
For every hour some column falls  
In fragments at my feet;  
In frowning fierceness lowers the sky,  
In weary pain the hours go by,  
I mourn my vanished powers, and I  
Could find oblivion sweet.

### The Two Letters.

SHE sat opposite to me at table, and I had the bliss of passing her the butter. She was a lovely creature; I may say I never saw a lovelier. Her hair waved like a fleece of gold from a low, white forehead, and her large eyes were like pansies in color.

She was certainly stylish, and more than that, elegant. I never saw her wear red and blue at one and the same time. I never saw her fix her hair over her eyes like unto that of our brethren of the colored persuasion. I never saw her wear a horrid waterfall, but perhaps that was owing to the fact that waterfalls had just "gone out," and coils "come in."

To proceed. I say that I had the felicity of passing her the butter. Our eyes met; I turned pale, she flushed like a June rose, then both gazed upon our respective plates with steadfast assiduity. She knew I admired her, and has told me since—but I anticipate. As she rose from the table she dropped her handkerchief, a delicate morsel of lace and cobweb cambric. Strategy came in then; I managed to drop my napkin also, and in stooping to recover it, secured the dainty *mouchoir*. Yes, I own it, it was a clear case of petty larceny, and no thief ever rejoiced more over his unlawfully gotten treasure than I over my adored one's handkerchief.

You ask why I was so particularly elated over its possession. Because, dear friends, I expected to find her name, or at least her initials there, and when I returned it, I should have lost my wits indeed if I could not strike up an acquaintance on strength of the fact.

Once in my room, I extracted my treasure from the breast-pocket of my coat, and spread it out carefully upon the bed. Yes, I was right. In the centre was a name, and that name was—Kate. I turned cold in a moment, and—but to explain,

I was at that time spending a few days at Newport, on my way to the residence of my grand-uncle, Tom Curtis, and the object of that visit was to become the husband of his niece, my second cousin, Kate Van Brugh.

I was an orphan, and in the enjoyment of a comfortable income. The bulk of my fortune, however, by the will of a mutual uncle, would not be mine until the day I married this cousin Kate. Now, wonderful to relate, I was not at all averse to this match. I had not seen my future spouse, but had heard that she was all I could desire—beautiful, accomplished, intelligent. I had even pictured the Mrs. Reed to be, at the head of my table, and sitting at my side in the carriage that was to be mine, when my uncle's desires were accomplished.

It was now two years since his death, but I had been in the army and had no time to visit my fair cousin. But by this time I think you can understand my emotions when I read that name—Kate. You can understand why I started to my feet and thrust my fingers through my hair, regardless of the fact that my curls were only just from the barber's hands.

That name brought back everything. For fifteen minutes I was a wretched being. At the end of that time I had resolved to act the part of a man, return the handkerchief, forget this Kate, and remain true to the other. With this heroic and praiseworthy intention, I sallied from my apartment—third story, back—at about five o'clock, P. M., intent upon discovering Kate the second.

Not very long ere I espied her sauntering upon the beach, but, alas! not alone; at her side ambled a stout old gent whom I had heard her address as "Uncle." At that moment I could have thrown him into the sea with the greatest cheerfulness.

I turned in an opposite direction, for at the mere sight of her I felt all my good resolutions oozing out at my finger tips.

What were uncles made for, with their absurd wills, just as if they could know what one's choice would be in the matter of a wife?

Why couldn't he have acted like a sensible man, and divided the estate equally between us, and left out all that nonsense about our marrying?

Strange that I had never felt the absurdity of this before.

By this time I was hurrying over the shingly beach as if there was a most urgent necessity for my reaching a given point in the shortest possible space of time. I was really getting angry with my kind and considerate relative. I walked fast, I say; I always do when excited, especially by anger. I was now recalled to a consciousness of how far I had come, by a little bluff, a miniature promontory, that barred my way.

I stopped, looked about me, consulted my watch. It was already growing late. I must return at once. I did so in a most undecided frame of mind.

One thing was certain, I must return the handkerchief, and—and—well, I would see.

After a hasty dinner, and a careful toilet, I endeavored, at least, to saunter carelessly into the parlor, where the guests of the house were already assembled in force, and some of the younger ones preparing for a dance.

There was Kate; how radiantly beautiful she looked! Dressed in some gauzy stuff that floated around her like sunset clouds, and with a bunch of pansies in her hair.

I could not deny myself the pleasure of looking at her, and I think there must have been something mesmeric in my gaze, for I often encountered her glance, hastily withdrawn, however, as I thought, with a slightly heightened color. What did it portend? Was she annoyed, or pleased, at my ardent admiration?

I became suddenly self-conscious, and would have given half the estate in question to have known what her verdict was.

As I could not possibly know that, I rushed frantically up to my room, and taking a position in front of my diminutive mirror, looked long and earnestly into a pair of dark eyes which stared back at me with an expression of the deepest interest.

Then some loose brown curls came in for a share of attention; then, forehead, nose, mouth, chin; even the color and twist of the mustache were inspected in turn, and each pronounced upon. Not as favorably as I could wish; for the first time in my life I would fain have been an Adonis. Still, there was not much to complain of, or find fault with, and at a slower pace I returned to the parlor, mentally berating myself the while for a donkey, and indignantly asking what difference it could possibly make to me what she thought. So I quarreled with myself, till the sight of my chamber—who was now standing apart near a window—again set my thoughts in a whirl. Now was my time; I would return the handkerchief. Pressing through the crowd, I stood before her.

"Pardon, miss; as you left the dinner-table, you had, I think, the misfortune to drop your handkerchief, and I the good fortune to recover it, and take this opportunity to restore it to the owner."

She raised her eyes for a moment to my face, and then the long lashes drooped over them, as she said, in a voice which thrilled me, filled me with a joy I never felt before:

"Yes, that is mine. Thanks."

I made a rapid, mental estimate of the value of my uncle's estate in contra-distinction to hearing those lips and that voice pronounce these three simple words: "I love you." I will not tell you what the decision was; in fact, I don't think I was quite clear on the subject myself, but made a desperate attempt at following up the acquaintance thus begun by some careless remark in regard to the dancers, and ended by begging her hand for the next set.

She hesitated a moment, and then promised. I was in the seventh heaven of delight; where now were my resolutions of fidelity to the absent Kate? They had vanished into thin air, as so

many of our good resolutions do. I danced with her twice that evening, and succeeded in gaining a half permission to accompany her in her walk on the beach the next afternoon, and I considered it a great stroke of good fortune when she told me her uncle had received a telegram, calling him home for a few days, leaving her in charge of a Mrs. Sandford, a lady with three daughters of her own to chaperon, and I therefore hoped would have little leisure to bestow upon Kate.

At an early hour the following afternoon a certain young gentleman with dark eyes and immaculate kids might have been seen fidgeting about the broad piazza of the hotel, and ever and anon casting furtive glances in at the front door.

After this had been going on for something like half an hour, a quick light step approaching sent the blood in great leaps to his heart. Then a ripple of golden hair, and a flutter of blue ribbons, sent it back tingling to the very fingertips. I need not tell you that the individual who had undergone this half hour's penance was your humble servant, or that the golden hair and blue ribbons belonged to Kate. A deferential bow and murmured, "With your permission," and I was passing down the steps by her side.

That walk completed the business for me. Such a combination of all that is rare and lovely in woman, with the artless joyousness of a child, it had never occurred to me before could exist.

What to me was the possession of untold riches in comparison to that of so much loveliness!

That night's mail from the hotel carried a letter to cousin Kate, formally relinquishing all claim to the property, and begging to be considered henceforth as a friend and relative only, declaring that as my heart was already engaged, I found it impossible to accede to the wishes of our uncle, therefore the estate was here.

I slept that night to dream of suburban cottages, covered with prairie roses and clematis, and of little cherubs in pink and blue muslin frocks, whose mother had blue eyes and hair of the regulation color. I think it seldom falls to the lot of man to enjoy more uninterrupted bliss than was mine for the next five days. At the expiration of that time a neat little letter was handed me. I hurried to my room, mentally ejaculating, "It is from her—without doubt it is from her! And how does she take it? Like a sensible girl, being only too glad to have the money and the privilege of making her own selection, or—"

By this time I had reached my room, torn off the envelope, and glanced at the signature. Yes, there it was, in as neat a feminine hand as ever was written—Kate Van Brugh. I eagerly devoured the contents of the letter; the third line brought me to my feet, for, on entering, I had thrown myself upon the nearest chair.

Jupiter! Jove! Mars! I fear I called on all the heathen deities in a breath. It was no response to mine, but a similar renunciation of the estates of our dear uncle, and a request to be released from the engagement, hinting that if I insisted on carrying out such an absurd arrangement, I might indeed possess her hand, but her heart was already bestowed elsewhere.

A prolonged whistle on my part served to somewhat ventilate my surprise, and some, I fear, not very complimentary epithets bestowed upon my "stars," for the unlucky haste with which I had announced my resolutions to my cousin; for had I been more deliberate, I might have had my choice of a wife, and the money into the bargain.

The striking of a clock in an adjoining room roused me from the reverie the contemplation of affairs had induced. Thrusting the letter into the breast-pocket of my coat and seizing my hat, I hurried from my room, just in time to join Miss Curtis in her walk.

For the first time she accused me of absence and preoccupation, but nothing to-day could dampen her spirits. She raced with the waves, she laughed, she sang, and, for the time, the child part of her nature alone was manifest. At length we arrived at our favorite resting-place where every afternoon since our blissful acquaintance had found us. I drew her to a seat by my side, saying:

"You seem in fine spirits to-day."

"Oh, yes! I have just received some such good news, I can but be happy."

"From your uncle?" interrogatively.

"No; though I have a letter from him, too. He returns to-morrow eve."

"But the letter?" I still queried.

"Oh, that!" and she laughed, I thought, a little embarrassedly; then, after a moment, "Well, I don't care if I tell you," stopping, and looking a little serious.

"I am all attention."

"Yes—well, you see: I don't know exactly how to begin—but—" and with a deepening color she went on:

"I once had an uncle—another besides the one who brought me here; he was very wealthy, and very old, and, as is usual with such persons, he felt anxious to so bestow his estate as to keep it undivided. I was a favorite, but not the only one. A youth, a far-away cousin of mine, also possessed a large share of the dear soul's affections. He wished to do well by both, and still carry out his pet idea of leaving the estate undivided. Of course it was the most natural thing in the world that he should hit upon the idea of making us joint heirs, on condition that we marry when arrived at a suitable age. I have never seen the young gentleman, and having made up my mind not to be disposed of in so summary a manner, I wrote him, saying I preferred the forfeiting my claim to the estate (it was in accordance to my uncle's will that whichever refused the hand of the other should do so) to the fulfilling the engagement thus made for me. Well, to-day I received this," drawing a strangely familiar-looking letter from her pocket.

"Will you be kind enough to let me see that letter?" I literally gasped.

She looked up quickly, and with a puzzled ex-

pression on her face gave it into my hand. My letter, as sure as my name was and is Gordon Reed!

"But how came you with Miss Kate Van Brugh's letter, Miss Curtis?"

Her eyes had gradually expanded, and her whole manner expressed the most intense wonderment, as she answered:

"How came I by it? Why, by the simplest process in the world—through the mails! And as it is my own, I do not see what fault you can find with the whole matter."

"Light at last!" I exclaimed. "But why are you called Miss Curtis?"

"Oh, that, you know, is uncle's name; and people supposing me his daughter, first put it into our heads. And it is my name, too; I only dropped the last."

"Yes, I know. And I also know that you have made me the happiest man living."

"Will you please enlighten me as to how I have achieved so great a miracle?" a little petulantly.

"Read that," I said, "for reply," thrusting her own letter into her hand.

The next day, when her uncle Curtis arrived, I was presented as the long-betrothed of his niece, and received with the greatest cordiality. His curiosity was somewhat piqued as to our finding each other out, but I managed to frame some story that quite satisfied the simple soul, and to this day he does not know of the "Two Letters."

### FLYING MACHINES.

A bird is sustained in the air by the weight of that fluid, and the sustaining power of its wings will depend upon the quantity or weight of air that would have to be displaced by its fall. By a wide stretch of wing, and a horizontal motion, the resistance is maximized, and a long-winged bird that has raised itself in the air may avoid falling by maintaining a certain horizontal velocity with a moderate expenditure of force. A kite is sustained and moved obliquely by the force of the wind and the weight of the air which its fall must displace. Thus there is some analogy between a wing and a kite, it being, mechanically, pretty much the same thing whether a breeze blows against a resisting surface, or a resisting surface is moved against a mass of air. Mr. Wenham cites an experiment of Captain Dancy, in which a kite, having a surface of only fifty-five square feet, raised a weight of ninety-two and a quarter pounds in a strong breeze; and he considers that exploring balloons might be safer and more convenient than exploring balloons for purposes of war, though their employment would be dependent on the force of the wind.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity of the preceding explanations, the reader may scarcely be prepared to admit Mr. Wenham's inference, that "man is endowed with sufficient muscular power to enable him to take individual and extended flights, and that success is probably only involved in a question of suitable mechanical adaptations. An imitation of the bird's length of wing is out of the question, as we have no means of constructing a mechanism equally strong and light, and of similar proportions in length and breadth to the weight that has to be carried. The possible solution of the problem is thus explained:

"Having remarked how thin a stratum of air is displaced beneath the wings of a bird in rapid flight, it follows that, in order to obtain the necessary length of plane for supporting heavy weight, the surfaces may be superposed, or placed in parallel rows, with an interval between them. A dozen pelicans may fly one above another without mutual impediment, as if framed together; and it is thus shown how a hundred-weight may be supported in a transverse distance of only ten feet."

Can any mechanism, either moved by man or by inorganic motive power, be constructed to operate successfully on the principles thus explained? After carefully reading Mr. Wenham's paper, few scientific men would venture to pronounce the solution of the problem impossible; and we have reason to believe it has materially modified the opinions previously entertained by some of our best mechanicians and physicists. The paper is full of close reasoning, and differs entirely from the illogical speculations often put forth by enthusiastic projectors, who set to work according to methods that inevitably lead to failure. From certain experiments described by Mr. Wenham, the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and the kind of possibility that may be convertible into actuality, are made clearer than they were before; and many facts discovered of late years in reference to the action of screws as substitutes for paddles in steam navigation, and in relation to the flight of various shaped projectiles, may come in aid of the aeronautist.

It is remarkable that, previous to the invention of balloons, flying machines were pet schemes with many philosophers. The gas balloon especially threw them into the shade, but the investigation of the infant Aeronautical Society operate in the reverse direction, and tend to create a belief that if aerial navigation is ever to assume practical importance, it must be through the agency of some mechanism more manageable, and less liable to derangement, than any enormous bag filled with a material that has the greatest possible aptitude of escaping through the minutest pores.

A TRAP TO CATCH SUNBEAMS.—In the Optical room of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Paris, near a window, is an unpretending frame, says the *Laboratory*, containing half a dozen test tubes filled with powders, bearing a written descriptive label by M. Becquerel. Should any one pause before this object he need not be surprised if an attendant pitifully steps forward and closes the window-shutter, for darkness is required to reveal the beauties of the apparatus. The powders then exhibit in a most striking manner the phenomenon of phosphorescence, each shining with a different colored light. A similar series of powders has been arranged for sale in a neat little box, and has been brought under our notice by Messrs. Jarvey & Reynolds, of Leeds. It is called by its French makers the "Phosphorescope," though this name has been applied to a very different instrument; but as a scientific toy it is likely to become known in England as "A Trap to Catch Sunbeams." Most of the powders are sulphides, and the brightest emanation I probably from the tube containing sulphide of barium. The phosphorescence may be induced by exposure to daylight for a few seconds, or to the light of a few of magnesium wire.

SLEEPING-ROOMS.—The room we sleep in should never shut out the fresh, pure air. A sleeping person consumes two hogheads of air an hour; that is, deprives it of all its oxygen, and replaces it with carbonic acid gas, which is a negative poison; leaving it so destitute of life-giving property that if person breathing it will die in a short time, in an hour sometimes. It follows, therefore, that unless the room be larger than most of those found in dwelling-houses and hotels, there should be thorough ventilation. Currents of air, says the correspondent of a medical journal, must be avoided. Hence the bed should be located in the room that they may not pass over the sleeper. If there should be a single window, it is essential to raise the lower sash a few inches and lower little the upper sash. In this way the current is coaxed to the window, while it keeps the air fresh.





## MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTIETH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS OF THE "TURTLE-DOVERY"—DISCOVERS BLACK-BEETLES—THINKS IT "NOTHING BUT RIGHT" THAT CAUDLE SHOULD SET UP A CHAISE.

"You'd never have got me into this wilderness of a place, Mr. Caudle, if I'd only have thought what it was. Yes, that's right; throw it in my teeth that it was my choice—that's manly, isn't it? When I saw the place the sun was out, and looked beautiful—now, it's quite another thing. No, Mr. Caudle; I don't expect you to command the sun—and if you talk about Joshua in that infidel way, I'll leave the bed. No, sir; I don't expect the sun to be in your power, but that's nothing to do with it. I talk about one thing, and you always start another. But that's your art."

"I'm sure a woman might as well be buried alive as live here. In fact, I am buried alive; I feel it. I stood at the window three hours this blessed day, and saw nothing but the postman. No, it isn't a pity that I hadn't something better to do: I had plenty; but that's my business, Mr. Caudle. I suppose I'm to be mistress of my own house? If not, I'd better leave it."

"And the very first night we were here, you know it, the black-beetles came into the kitchen. If the place didn't seem spread all over with a black cloth I'm a story-teller. What are you coughing at, Mr. Caudle? I see nothing to cough at. But that's just your way of sneering. Millions of black-beetles! And as the clock strikes eight, out they march. What? They're very punctual? I know that. I only wish other people were half as punctual; 'twould save other people's money and other people's peace of mind. You know I hate black-beetles! No; I don't hate so many things. But I do hate black-beetles, as I hate ill-treatment, Mr. Caudle. And now I have enough of both, goodness knows!"

"Last night they came into the parlor. Of course, in night or two, they'll walk up into the bedroom. They'll be here—regiments of 'em—on the quilt. But what do you care? Nothing of the sort ever touches you; but you know how they come to me; and that's why you are so quiet. A pleasant thing to have black-beetles in one's bed. Why don't I poison 'em? A pretty matter, indeed, to have poison in the house! Much you must think of the dear children. A nice place, too, to be called the Turtle-Dovey! Didn't I christen it myself? I know that—but then I knew nothing of the black-beetles. Besides, names of houses are for the world outside; not that anybody passes to see ours. Didn't Mrs. Digby insist on calling their new house 'Love-in-Idleness' though everybody knew that that wretch Digby was always beating her? Still, when folk read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside. In this world, Mr. Caudle, names are sometimes as good things."

"The cough again! You've got a cold, and you'll always be getting one—for you'll always be missing the omnibus as you did on Tuesday—and always be getting wet. No constitution can stand it, Caudle. You don't know what I felt when I heard it rain on Tuesday, and thought you might be in it. What? I'm very good? Yes, I am so; I try to be so, Caudle. And so, dear, I've been thinking that we'd better keep a chaise. You can't afford it, and you won't? Don't tell me; I know you'd save money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out in omnibuses; and if you'd a chaise of your own—besides the gerily of the thing—you'd be money in pocket. And then again how often I could go with you to town—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, de? Now you're obliged to be hurried away, I know it, when, if you'd only a carriage of your own you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after you work you want enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect you always to run home directly to me; and don't, Caudle; and you know it."

"A neat, elegant little chaise. What? You'll like it? There's a love! You're good creature, Caudle; and I will make me so happy to think you don't depend upon an omnibus. A sweet little carriage, with our arms beautifully painted on the panels. What? Arms are rubbish; as you don't know that you have any!"

Nonsense; to be sure you have—and if not, of course they're to be had for money. I wonder where Chalkpit's the milkman's arms came from? I suppose you can buy 'em at the same place. He used to drive a green cart; and now he's got a close yellow carriage, with two large tortoise-shell cats, with their whiskers as if dipt in cream, standing on their hind legs upon each door, with a heap of Latin underneath. You may buy the carriage, if you please, Mr. Caudle; but unless your arms are there, you won't get me to enter it. Never! I'm not going to look less than Mrs. Chalkpit."

"Besides, if you haven't arms, I'm sure my family have, and a wife's arms are quite as good as a husband's. I'll write to-morrow to dear mother, to know what we took for our family arms. What do you say? What? A mangle in a stone-kitchen proper? Mr. Caudle, you're always insulting my family—always; but you shall not put me out of temper to-night. Still, if you don't like our arms, find your own. I dare say you could have found 'em fast enough, if you'd married Miss Prettyman. Well, I will be quiet; and I won't mention that lady's name. A nice lady she is! I wonder how much she spends in paint! Now, don't I tell you I won't say a word more, and yet you will kick about!"

"Well, we'll have the carriage and family arms? No, I don't want the family legs, too. Don't be vulgar, Mr. Caudle. You might, perhaps, talk in that way before you'd money in the bank; but it doesn't at all become you now. The carriage and the family arms! We've a country-house as well as the Chalkpits; and though they praise their place for a little Paradise, I dare say they've quite as many black-beetles as we have, and more, too. The place quite looks it."

"Our carriage and our arms! And you know, love, it won't cost much—next to nothing—to put a gold band about Sam's hat on a Sunday. No; I don't want a full-blown livery. At least, not just yet. I'm told the Chalkpits dress their boy on a Sunday like a dragon-fly; and I don't see why we shouldn't do what we like with our own Sam. Nevertheless, I'll be content with a gold band, and a bit of pepper-and-salt. No; I shall not cry out for plush next; certainly not. But I will have a gold band, and—You won't; and I know it? Oh yes; that's another of your crotchets, Mr. Caudle; like nobody else—you don't love liveries. I suppose when people buy their sheets, or their tablecloths, or any other linen, they've a right to mark what they like upon it, haven't they? Well, then? You buy a servant, and you mark what you like upon him, and where's the difference? None, that I can see."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for a gig; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

It is so natural for humanity to regard cold-blooded animals with dislike and suspicion, that a predilection for reptiles may be classed under the same category as our liking for olives. We should be quite justified in designating it an acquired taste. Still, when assured on good authority that an animal is perfectly inoffensive, guiltless of intent, and incapable of power to injure, it moves us, as rational beings, to rise superior to vulgar prejudice, to remember the words of the gentle bard of Olney—

"God, in His sovereign mercy, made them all," and to endeavor rather to find out the beauties of God's works and the diversity of His creative skill, than by foolish and groundless fears to ignore what He has so wonderfully and so wisely made. Notwithstanding the almost universal obloquy thrown upon the reptile as a body, and admitting, as we do, the justice of the reproach as regards the greater portion of that community, we can yet make some pleasing exceptions. There are many sections of the race so perfectly harmless and so gracefully beautiful, that but for our preconceived notions, and the backbitings of our less enlightened forefathers, we should be prompt to recognize their claims to our admiration. As it is, many an innocent little creature is cruelly maltreated and put to a painful death on the score of ignorance and prejudice. When fully convinced, on reliable testimony, of the innocuous nature of any class or member of the reptile family, it would be well if we could banish former impressions, and regard—

"With eye unprejudiced their countless charms." The undulatory motions of the glittering snake, for instance, are exquisitely beautiful; and yet how few of us, from our ignorance of the distinctions between the harmless and the venomous tribes, would dare to linger within the spell of its fascinations.

## THE COAL DEPOT AT PORT CARBON.

Our illustration represents the basin at Port Carbon, at the head of navigation on the Schuylkill, at which all the coal from the coal regions of Pennsylvania is forwarded to Philadelphia. In a recent issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave a series of illustrations depicting the manner in which the coal was mined. When the cars are loaded, they come down upon the road in immense long trains to this basin, and the coal is here transferred to the canal-boats in the basin. The cars are so arranged that their bottoms may be taken out, and the coal falls through shoots down into the boats below. Our illustration shows this process. Quite near Port Carbon is the town of Pottsville, inhabited generally by the capitalists who carry on the coal business, while the line of houses, seen in our picture at the base of the mountain, is the settlement of Palo Alto, built by the employees of the railroad and canal. The basin is very long, and frequently filled with hundreds of canal-boats, waiting their turn to load. Perhaps its size and the activity and noise with which the business is here conducted will give the visitor a better idea of the magnitude of the coal business than any other portion of the process. The immense heaps of coal dust strewn about, the racket of the countless cars, the whistling of the numerous engines, the lines on lines of tracks for their accommodation, the shouts of the crews on the boats, the rush of the coal down the slides, together make a picture of industry which is bewildering, and suggestive of the variety and complication of our modern civilization.

## ANGLO-SAXON.

The Anglo-Saxon language was subject to diversities of dialect from various causes—amongst others, the freedom of the peoples, varieties of pronunciation and orthography of spelling, the diphthongal nature of all the Saxon vowels, so that the Anglo-Saxon writer often interchanged kindred vowels in the same words, at one time putting a or eo, afterwards e and y. Hence slight variances in folk-speech, even within a few miles.

The Anglo-Saxon is now a dead language; but in order to get at its pronunciation, we have fortunately a speech preserved to us in Schleswig, viz.: the Friesian, or Frisian, which, from isolation and the absence of much immigration, has experienced very few changes, preserving many of the vowel sounds for centuries. The old Friesians were close neighbors (to the west) of the Angles, on the sea-coast of Jutland or Denmark, to the mouth of the Elbe. The Friesia proper of this day, surrounded on the north-west and south by the Zuyder Zee, is said by a learned Frieslander to preserve a language called Old or Country Frisian, spoken by a hundred thousand people; which tongue, on comparison, will be found to possess more true Anglo-Saxon sounds than any other dialect. As illustrating this fact, and also as showing the remarkable resemblance to even modern English, take the following verses of the Countess of Blessington, almost literally rendered into the present Country Frisian:

What art thou, Life?

Hwat bist du, Libben?

A weary strife

Ien wirch strijden

Of pain, care and sorrow;

Fen pine, need, in soerch;

Long hours of grief,

Lange oeren fen smerte,

And joys—how brief

In nochten—ho kocht!

That vanish on the morrow.

Det ferdwine de modren.

Death, what art thou

Dead, hwat bist du

To whom all bow,

Tu hwotem allen buogje,

From accepted king to slave?

Fen de scepterde keninge ta de slave?

The last, best friend,

De latste, beste frien,

Our cares to end,

Om unns soerjen te einjen,

Thy empire is the grave.

Dyn gebiet is yn 't graf.

When all have fled,

Wanneer se allen binne fled,

Thou giv'st a bed

Jouwet du ien bed

Wherein we calmly sleep;

Waar wy kalm yn sêpe;

The wounds all heal'd,

De wonden alle hele,

The dim eyes seal'd,

De digerige eagen segele,

That long did wake and weep.

De lange diene wekke in geije.

## THE CHETHAM LIBRARY.

SO LITTLE is known of the personal history and tastes of Chetham, the old Manchester worthy, that anything casting, however faint, a light upon them must be welcome. Amongst his minor charities, there is one that has about it something so characteristic alike of the man and of his times, and is withal so little known, that we give a brief account of it.

His will contains the following paragraph: "Also, I do hereby give and bequeath the sum of £200 to be bestowed by my executors in Godly English books, such as Calvin's, Preston's and Perkins's works; comments and annotations of the Bible or some parts thereof; or such other books as the said Richard Johnson, John Tildesley and Mr. Hollingworth, or any of them shall think most proper for the edification of the common people; to be by the discretion of my said executors chained upon desks, or to be fixed to the pillars, or in other convenient places in the parish churches of Manchester and Bolton-in-the-Moors, and in the chapels of Turton, Walmesley and Gorton, in the said county of Lancaster, within one year next after my decease."

Some years elapsed before the books were placed in the Collegiate Church of Manchester; and the delay seems to have chafed the spirit of good Henry Newcome, in whose diary there are several entries relative to the English Library, as he styles Chetham's bequest. To Newcome fell the task of setting them up in the Jesus chantry of the Byrom chapel. These books have now disappeared; the last remnants of them were disposed of some years ago by the authorities to a bookseller in Shudehill, from whose possession they passed into the collection of James Crossley, Esq., F.R.S. The libraries of Bolton and Walmesley have also vanished, but those of Gorton and Turton still remain.

At Gorton there are fifty-six volumes chained to an iron rod running midway between the top and bottom of a dark oaken bookcase, surmounted by a carved inscription:

THE GIFT OF HYPHREY CHETHAM ESQUIRE 1655.

The Turton bookcase is of a similar character, and contains fifty-two volumes; but the rod on which the chains traversed had been lost, and the chains wrapped round the volumes to which they belonged, to the great detriment of the binding. It is needless to say that the wear and tear of two centuries had considerably deteriorated the condition of the books, and that some of them had become very imperfect, having in a manner been read away.

In 1855, however, these libraries attracted the notice of Mr. G. J. French, and by his exertions subscriptions were obtained for the purpose of restoring them to their original condition, which has accordingly been done; and the books are now as available for the subjects of Queen Victoria as they were for the lieges of the Lord Protector in the year of their commencement, 1655.

## OUR ARTIST ON BONNETS.

DEAR L.—I send you here some few designs, which, for a week or two, have been running through my mind, and which I'm sure will do. The recent fashions, and the sporting air which is so much affected by the fair, have set my mind at work upon this vein, with this result. It surely is a gain if in our ladies' dresses we combine the useful and the beautiful; in fine, follow the course of nature in her plan, which through all nature culminates in man. Look at this series, and you must agree that this is what a real head-



dress should be, provided always that the wearer's taste runs in a sporting vein. I feel that this is so—don't you? I'm very certain that you do, and being thus agreed, in haste, I sign myself again,

Yours very truly,

TURILU.

THE DAY AND NIGHT.—In civil affairs we commence the day at midnight, and re-commence it at noon, but astronomers commence it at noon, and count the hours continuously from 1 to 24, or next noon. The time has now arrived when we ought to think about abolishing the useless double division of the civil mode of reckoning, with its complicating A.M.'s, and P.M.'s, and substituting the more rational and much more convenient continuous counting system.

An Irishman entered a barber's shop while drunk, ate with a brush a cup of lather, dug out the balls of soap at the bottom of the cup, ate that, and sat down to warm his feet.

"How did you like your dinner?" asked a bystander.

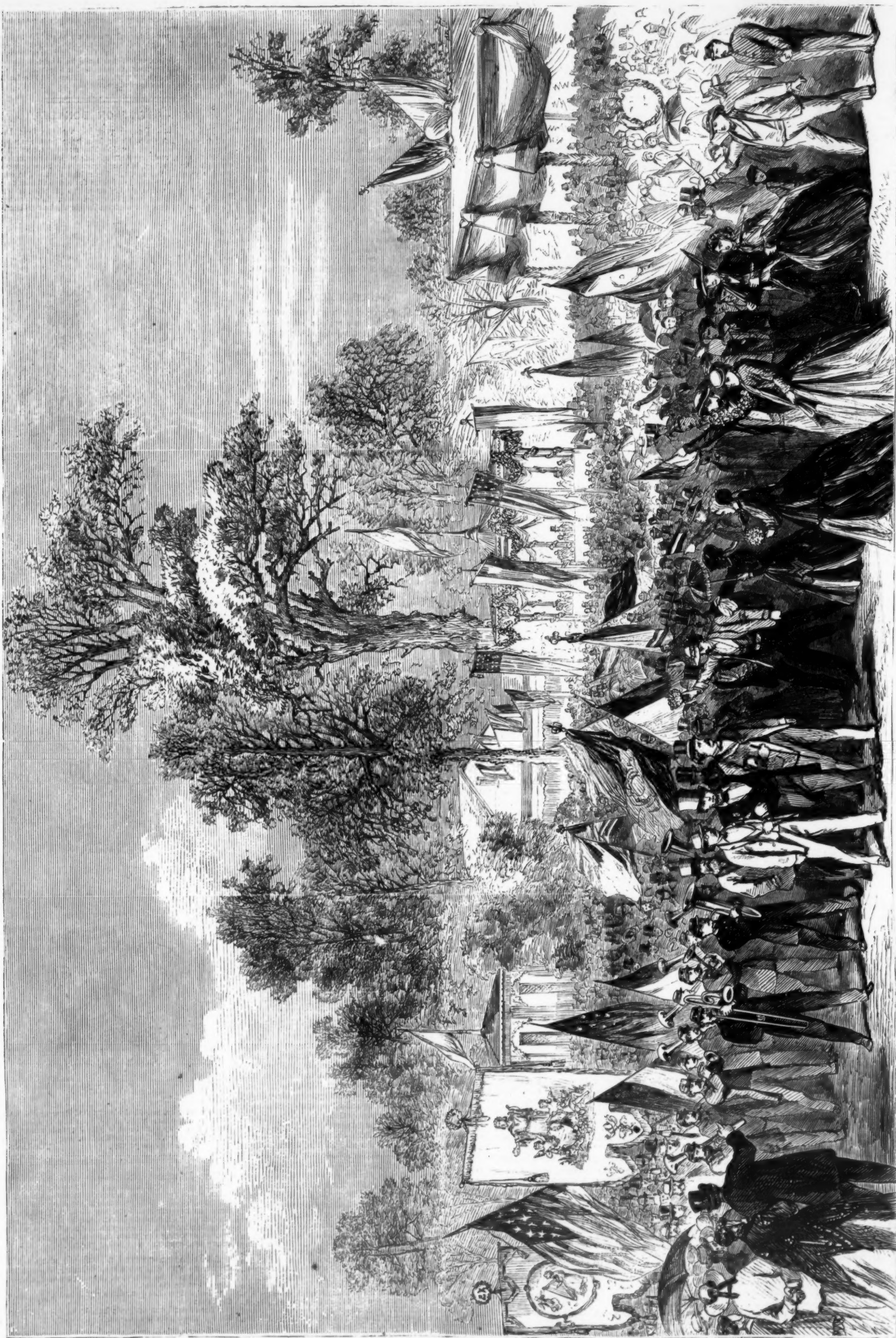
Said Pat:

"The custard was elegant; but, by my soul, I think the egg was a little too long under the water!"

"Look well before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

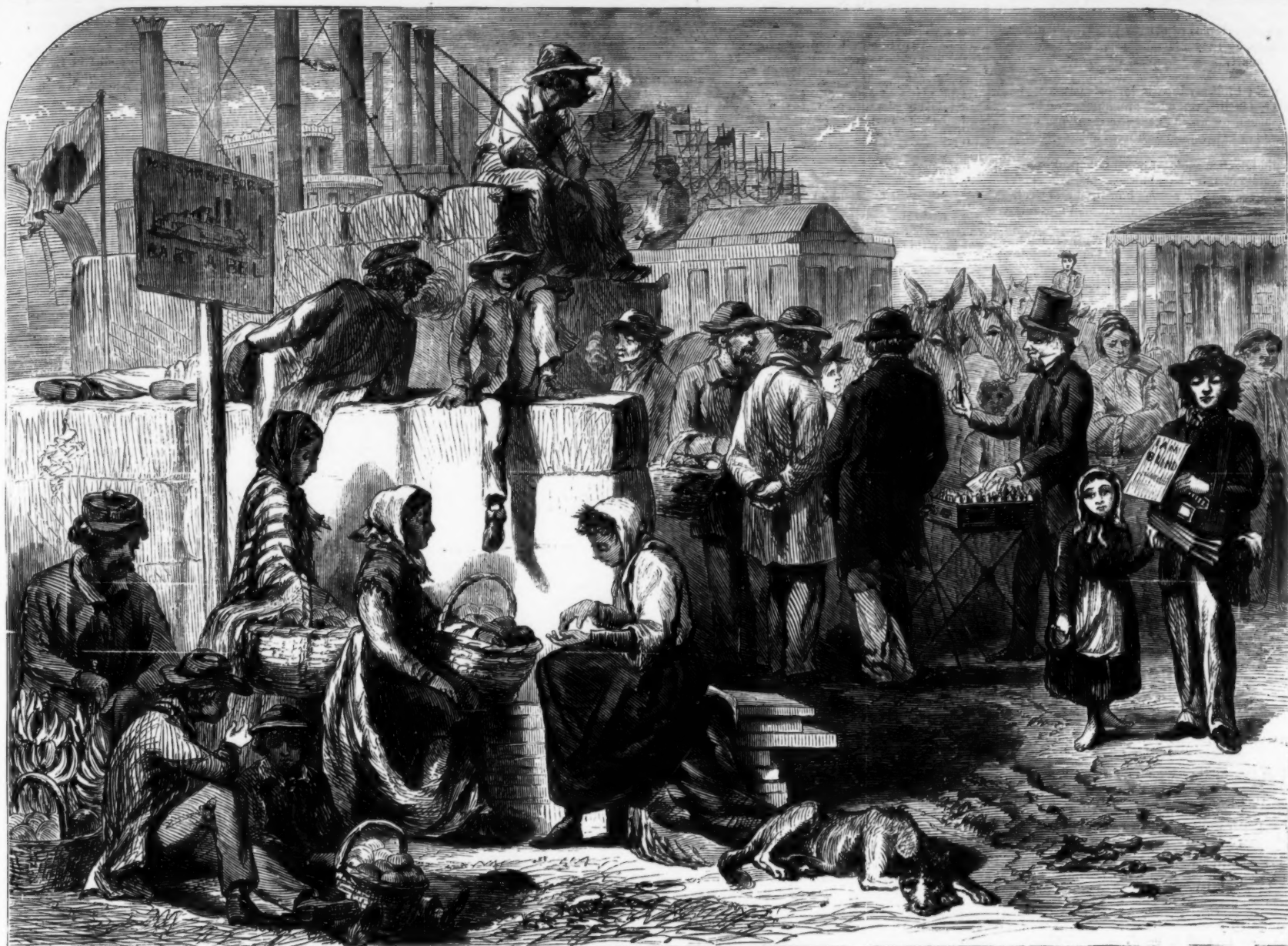
A wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they couldn't be told apart.



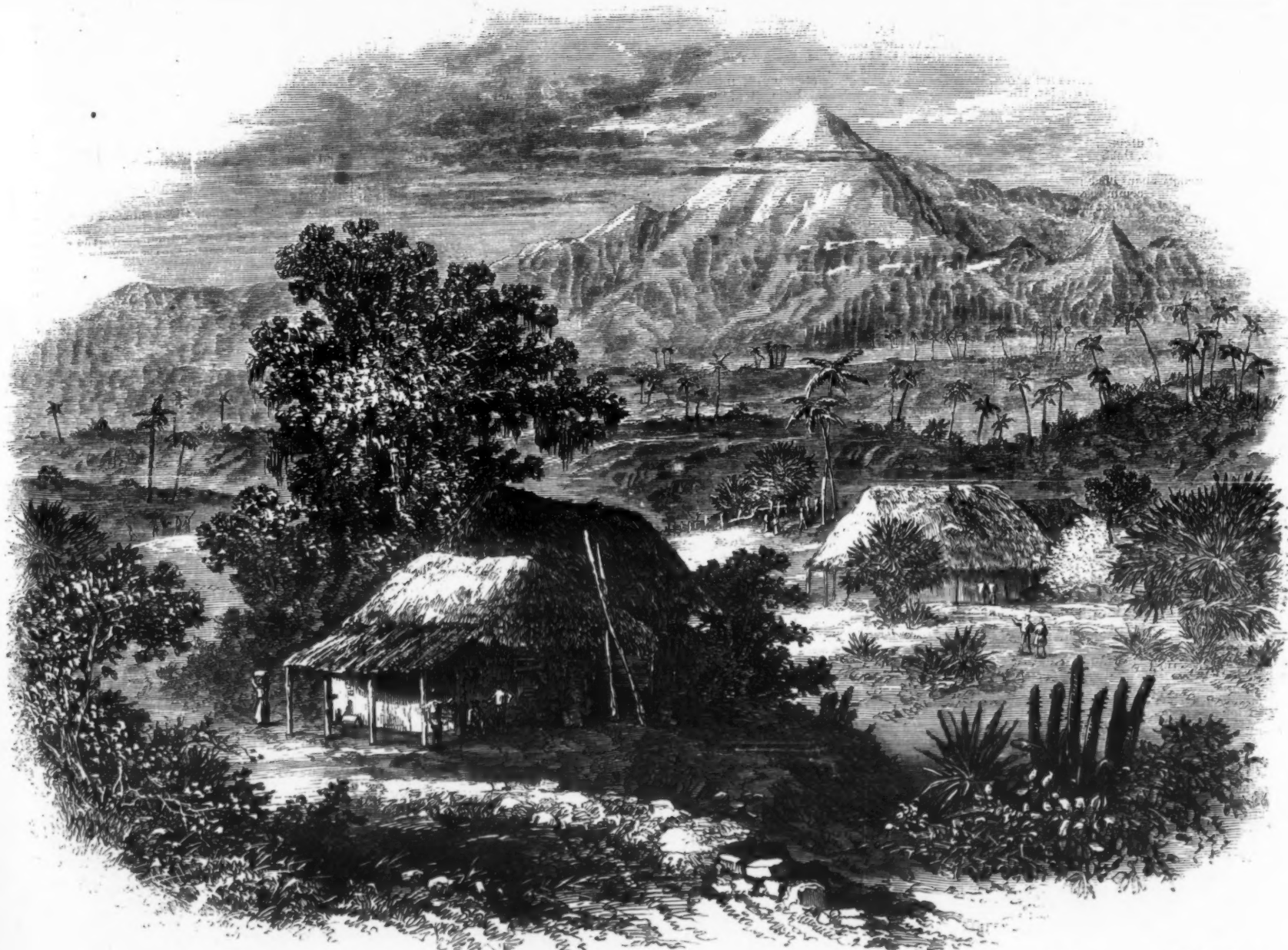


THE PICNIC OF THE TENTH NATIONAL SAENGERFEST AT ENGEL & WOLF'S FARM, PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17<sup>TH</sup>—PROCESSION OF THE SUCCESSFUL SOCIETIES EXHIBITING THEIR PRIZES.—See Page 316.





SCENE ON THE LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 316.



TURQUINO'S PEAK, ISLAND OF CUBA.—SEE PAGE 316.



## DRIFTED.

We met to-day, where, by the river side,  
Along the banks, the flowers, half-blown apart  
By swollen ripples of the surging tide,  
Bloom, as they bloomed when first he won my heart.

We met; I felt my breath, long since too cold  
To tell of life, come hot and quicken fast:  
My pulse grew warm again—as though of old  
My eyes to meet his own were held downcast.

I could not turn aside—I could not speak—  
No start of mine should rouse him as we met:  
Who knew, if knew not he, how tired and weak  
Had grown the life he could so soon forget?

And so we passed. I held against my face  
My hand, to shade some tears I could not stay;  
We passed where, one sweet hour of lovers' grace,  
He whispered all I hear, alas! to-day.

He saw me? No. I marvel!—he who lay  
Low at my feet, within the autumn shade,  
One day long since—"he had a word to say,  
Hopeless, perchance, and yet it should be said!"

And I, who lived for him alone, whose prayer  
For years had been that he might love me so,  
Resting my head within his arms, and there  
I breathed my promise, 'neath the sunset glow.

We met to-day. My God! had I to him  
Been false as he has been to me, I would  
Have cursed at once my heart, my cruel whim,  
And ta'en sweet life as there it breathing stood!

He passes on his way; his heart is light—  
Perchance another has his love! We know  
These paths no more—no more my face grows  
white,  
Or beats my heart for that dead long ago.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XLIII.—MR. CROSBIE GOES INTO THE CITY.

"I've known the city now for ten years, Mr. Crosbie, and I never knew money to be so tight as it is at this moment. The best commercial bills going can't be done under nine, and any other kind of paper can't so much as get itself looked at."

Thus spoke Mr. Musselboro. He was seated in Dobbs Broughton's arm-chair, in Dobbs Broughton's room, in Hook Court, on the hind legs of which he was balancing himself comfortably, and he was communicating his experience in city matters to our old friend, Adolphus Crosbie, of whom we may surmise that he would not have been there, at that moment, in Hook Court, if things had been going well with him. It was now past eleven o'clock, and he should have been at his office at the West End. His position in his office was no doubt high enough to place him beyond the reach of any special inquiry as to such absences; but it is generally felt that when the Crosbies of the West End have calls into the city about noon, things in the world are not going well with them. The man who goes into the city to look for money is generally one who does not know where to get money when he wants it. Mr. Musselboro, on this occasion, kept his hat on his head, and there was something in the way in which he balanced his chair which was in itself an offense to Mr. Crosbie's personal dignity. It was hardly as yet two months since Mr. Dobbs Broughton had assured him in that very room that there need not be the slightest anxiety about his bill. Of course it could be renewed—the commission being duly paid. As Mr. Dobbs Broughton explained on that occasion, that was his business. There was nothing he liked so much as renewing bills for such customers as Mr. Crosbie; and he was very candid at that meeting, explaining how he did this branch of his business, raising money on his own credit at four or five per cent., and lending it on his own judgment at eight or nine. Mr. Crosbie did not feel himself then called upon to exclaim that what he was called upon to pay was about twice, perfectly understanding the comfort and grace of euphony; but he had turned it over in his mind, considering whether twelve per cent. was not more than he ought to be mulcted for the accommodation he wanted. Now, at the moment, he would have been glad to get it from Mr. Musselboro, without further words, for twenty.

Things had changed with Adolphus Crosbie, when he was driven to make morning visits to such a one as Mr. Musselboro, with the view of having a bill renewed for two hundred and fifty pounds. In his early life he had always had the merit of being a careful man as to money. In some other respects he had gone astray very foolishly, as has been partly explained in our earlier chapters; but up to the date of his marriage with Lady Alexandrina de Courcy, he had never had dealings in Hook Court or in any such locality. Money troubles had then come upon him. Lady Alexandrina, being the daughter of a countess, had high ideas; and when, very shortly after his marriage, he had submitted to a separation from his noble wife, he had found himself and his income to be tied up inextricably in the hands of one Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, a lawyer, who had married one of his wife's sisters. It was not that he was dishonest, nor did Crosbie suspect him of dishonesty, but the lawyer was so wedded to the interest of the noble family with which he was connected, that he worked for them all as an inferior spider might be supposed to work, which, from the infirmity of its nature, was compelled, by its instincts, to be catching flies always for superior spiders. Mr. Mortimer Gazebee had in this way entangled Mr. Crosbie in his web on behalf of those noble spiders, the De Courcys, and our poor friend, in his endeavor to fight his way through the web, had fallen into the hands of the Hook Court firm of Mrs. Van Siever, Dobbs Broughton, and Musselboro.

"Mr. Broughton told me, when I was last here," said Crosbie, "that there would be no difficulty about it."

"And it was renewed then—wasn't it?"  
"Of course it was—for two months. But he was speaking of a continuation of renewal."  
"I'm afraid we can't do it, Mr. Crosbie; I'm afraid we can't, indeed. Money is so awful tight,"

"Of course, I must pay what you choose to charge me."

"It isn't that, Mr. Crosbie. The bill is out for collection, and must be collected. In times like these we must draw ourselves in a little, you know. Two hundred and fifty pounds isn't a great deal of money, you will say; but every little helps, you know—and, besides, of course we go upon a system. Business is business, and must not be made pleasure of. I should have had a great deal of pleasure in doing this for you, but it can't be done in the way of business."

"When will Broughton be here?"  
"He may be in at any time—I can't say when. I suppose he's down at the court now."

"What court?"  
"Chapel Court."

"I suppose I can see him there?" said Crosbie.

"If you catch him you can see him, of course. But what good will that do, Mr. Crosbie? I tell you that we can't do it for you. If Broughton was here this moment it couldn't make the slightest difference."

Now Mr. Crosbie had an idea that Mr. Musselboro, though he sat in Dobbs Broughton's seat and kept on his hat, and balanced his chair on two legs, was in truth nothing more than a clerk. He did not quite understand the manner in which the affairs of the establishment were worked, though he had been informed that Mrs. Van Siever was one of the partners. That Dobbs Broughton was the managing man, who really did the business, he was convinced; and he did not therefore like to be answered peremptorily by such a one as Musselboro.

"I should wish to see Mr. Broughton," he said.  
"You can call again—or you can go down to the court if you like it. But you may take this as an answer from me that the bill can't be renewed by us."

At this moment the door of the room was opened, and Dobbs Broughton himself came into it. His face was not at all pleasant, and any one might have seen with half an eye that the money-market was a great deal tighter than he liked it to be.

"Here is Mr. Crosbie here—about that bill," said Musselboro.

"Mr. Crosbie must take up his bill; that's all," said Dobbs Broughton.

"But it doesn't suit me to take it up," said Crosbie.

"Then you must take it up without suiting you," said Dobbs Broughton.

It might have been seen, I said, with half an eye, that Mr. Broughton did not like the state of the money-market; and it might also be seen with the other half that he had been endeavoring to mitigate the bitterness of his dislike by alcoholic aid. Musselboro at once perceived that his patron and partner was half drunk, and Crosbie was aware that he had been drinking. But, nevertheless, it was necessary that something more should be said. The bill would be due to-morrow—was payable at Crosbie's bankers; and, as Mr. Crosbie too well knew, there were no funds there for the purpose. And there were other purposes, very needful, for which Mr. Crosbie's funds were at the present moment unfortunately by no means sufficient. He stood for a few moments thinking what he would do; whether he would leave the drunken man and his office and let the bill take its chance, or whether he would make one more effort for an arrangement. He did not for a moment believe that Broughton himself was subject to any pecuniary difficulty. Broughton lived in a big house, as rich men live, and had a name for commercial success. It never occurred to Crosbie that it was a matter of great moment to Dobbs Broughton himself that the bill should be taken up. Crosbie still thought that Musselboro was his special enemy, and that Broughton had joined Musselboro in his hostility simply because he was too drunk to know better.

"You might, at any rate, answer me civilly, Mr. Broughton," he said.

"I know nothing about civility with things as they are at present," said Broughton. "Civil by—! There's nothing so civil as paying money when you owe it. Musselboro, reach me down the decanter and some glasses. Perhaps Mr. Crosbie will wet his whistle."

"He don't want any wine—nor you either," said Musselboro.

"What's up now?" said Broughton, staggering across the room toward a cupboard, in which it was his custom to keep a provision of that comfort which he needed at the present moment. "I suppose I may stand a glass of wine to a fellow in my own room, if I like it."

"I will take no wine, thank you," said Crosbie.

"Then you can do the other thing. When I ask a gentleman to take a glass of wine, there is no compulsion. But about the bill there is compulsion. Do you understand that? You may drink, or let it alone; but pay you must. Why, Mussy, what d'ye think?—there's Carter, Ricketts & Carter—I'm blessed if Carter just now didn't beg for two months, as though two months would be all the world to him, and that for a trumpery five hundred pounds. I never saw money like it is now; never."

To this appeal, Musselboro made no reply, not caring, perhaps, at the present moment to sustain his partner. He still balanced himself in his chair, and still kept his hat on his head. Even Mr. Crosbie began to perceive that Mr. Musselboro's genius was in the ascendant in Hook Court.

"I can hardly believe," said Crosbie, "that things can be so bad that I cannot have a bill for two hundred and fifty pounds renewed when I am willing to pay for the accommodation. I have not done much in the way of bills, but I never had one dishonored yet."

"Don't let this be the first," said Dobbs Broughton.

"Not if I can prevent it," said Crosbie. "But, to tell you the truth, Mr. Broughton, my bill will be dishonored unless I can have it renewed. If it does not suit you to do it, I suppose you can recommend me to some one who can make it convenient."

"Why don't you go to your bankers?" said Musselboro.

"I never did ask my bankers for anything of the kind."

"Then you should try what your credit with them is worth," said Broughton. "It isn't worth much here, as you can perceive. Ha! ha! ha!"

Crosbie, when he heard this, became very angry; and Musselboro perceiving this, got out of his chair so that he might be in readiness to prevent any violence, if violence were attempted.

"It really is no good your staying here," he said. "You see that Broughton has been drinking. There's no knowing what he may say or do."

"You be blowed," said Broughton, who had taken the arm-chair as soon as Musselboro had left it.

"But you may believe me in the way of business," continued Musselboro, "when I tell you that it really does not suit us to renew the bill."

We're pressed ourselves, and we must press others."

"And who will do it for me?" said Crosbie, almost in despair.

"There are Burton and Bangles there, the wine merchants down in the yard, perhaps they may accommodate you. It's all in their lines; but I'm told they charge uncommon dear."

"I don't know Messrs. Burton and Bangles," said Crosbie.

"That needn't stand in your way. You tell them where you come from, and they'll make inquiry. If they think it's about right, they'll give you the money, and if they don't they won't."

Mr. Crosbie then left the office without exchanging another word with Dobbs Broughton, and went down into Hook Court. As he descended the stairs, he turned over in his mind the propriety of going to Messrs. Burton and Bangles with the view of relieving himself from his present difficulty. He knew that it was ruinous. Dealings, even with such men as Dobbs Broughton and Musselboro, whom he presumed to be milder in their greed than Burton and Bangles, were all of them steps on the road to ruin. But what was he to do? If his bill were dishonored, the fact would certainly become known at his office, and he might even ultimately be arrested. In the doorway at the bottom of the stairs he stood for some moments looking over at Burton and Bangles', and he did not at all like the aspect of the establishment. Inside the office he could see a man standing with a cigar in his mouth, very resplendent with a new hat, with a hat remarkable for the bold upward curve of its rim, and this man was copiously decorated with a chain and seals hanging about widely over his waistcoat. He was leaning with his back against the counter, and was talking to some one on the other side of it. There was something in the man's look and manner that was utterly repulsive to Crosbie. He was more vulgar to the eye even than Musselboro, and his voice, which Crosbie could hear as he stood in the other doorway, was almost as detestable as that of Dobbs Broughton in his drunkenness. Crosbie did not doubt that this was either Burton or Bangles, and that the man standing inside was either Bangles or Burton. He could not bring himself to accost these men and tell them of his necessities, and propose to them that they should relieve him. In spite of what Musselboro had just said to him, he could not believe it possible that he should succeed, were he to do so without some introduction. So he left Hook Court and went out into the lane, hearing as he went the loud voice of the man with the turned-up hat and the chain.

But what was he to do? At the outset of his pecuniary troubles, when he first found it necessary to litigate some question with the De Courcy people, and withstand the web which Mortimer Gazebee wove so assiduously, his own attorney had introduced him to Dobbs Broughton, and the assistance which he had needed had come to him at any rate without trouble. He did not especially like Mr. Broughton, and when Mr. Broughton first invited him to come and eat a little bit of dinner, he had told himself with painful remorse that in his early days he had been accustomed to eat his little bits of dinner with people of a different kind. But there had been nothing really painful in this. Since his marriage with a daughter of the De Courcys—by which marriage he had intended to climb to the highest pinnacle of social eating and drinking—he had gradually found himself to be falling in the scale of such matters, and could bring himself to dine with a Dobbs Broughton without any violent pain. But now he had fallen so low that Dobbs Broughton had insulted him, and he was in such distress that he did not know where to turn for ten pounds. Mr. Gazebee had beaten him at litigation, and his own lawyer had advised him that it would be foolish to try the matter further. In his marriage with the noble daughter of the De Courcys he had allowed the framers of the De Courcy settlement to tie him up in such a way, that now, even when chance had done so much for him in freeing him from his wife, he was still bound to the De Courcy faction. Money had been paid away—on his behalf, as alleged by Mr. Gazebee—like running water; money for furniture, money for the lease of a house, money when he had been separated from his wife, money while she was living abroad. It had seemed to him that he had been made to pay for the entire support of the female moiety of the De Courcy family which had settled itself at Baden-Baden, from the day, and in some respects from before the day, on which his wife had joined that moiety.

He had done all in his power to struggle against these payments, but every such struggle had only cost him more money. Mr. Gazebee had written to him the civillest notes; but every note seemed to cost him money—every word of each note seemed to find its way into some bill. His wife had died and her body had been brought back, with all the pomp befitting the body of an earl's daughter, that it might be laid with the old De Courcy dust—at his expense. The embalming of her dear remains had cost a wondrous sum, and was a terrible blow upon him. All these items were showered upon him by Mr. Gazebee with the most courteously worded demand for settlement as soon as convenient. And then, when he applied that Lady Alexandrina's small fortune should be made over to him—according to a certain agreement under which he had made over all his possessions to his wife, should she have survived him—Mr. Gazebee expressed a mild opinion that he was wrong in his law, and blandly recommended an amicable lawsuit. The amicable lawsuit was carried on. His own lawyer seemed to throw him over. Mr. Gazebee was successful in everything. No money came to him. Money was demanded from him on old scores and new scores—and all that he received to console him for what he had lost was a mourning ring with his wife's hair—for which, with sundry other mourning rings, he had had to pay—and an introduction to Mr. Dobbs Broughton. To Mr. Dobbs Broughton he owed five hundred pounds; and as regarded a bill for the one-half of that sum which was due to-morrow, Mr. Dobbs Broughton had refused to grant him renewal for a single month!

I know no more uncomfortable walking than that which falls to the lot of men, who go into the city to look for money, and who find none. Of all the lost steps trodden by men, surely the steps lost after that fashion are the most melancholy. It is not only that they are so vain, but that they are accompanied by so killing a sense of shame! To wait about in dingy rooms, which look on to bare walls, and are approached through some Hook Court; or to keep appointments at a low coffee-house, to which tryings the money-lender will not trouble himself to come unless it pleases him; to be civil, almost suppliant, to a cunning knave whom the borrower loathes; to be refused twice, and then cheated with his eyes open on the fourth attempt; to submit himself to vulgarity of the foulest kind, and to have to seem to like it; to be badgered, reviled, and at last accused of want of honesty

by the most fraudulent of mankind; and at the same time to be clearly conscious of the ruin that is coming—this is the fate of him who goes into the city to find money, not knowing where it is to be found!

Crosbie went along the lane into Lombard street, and then he stood still for a moment to think. Though he knew a good deal of affairs in general, he did not quite know what would happen to him if his bill should be dishonored. That somebody would bring it to him noted, and require him instantly to put his hand into his pocket and bring out the amount of the bill, plus the amount of certain expenses, he thought that he did know. And he knew that were he in trade he would become a bankrupt; and he was well aware that such an occurrence would prove him to be insolvent. But he did not know what his creditors would immediately have the power of doing. That the fact of the bill having been dishonored would reach the Board under which he served—and, therefore, also the fact that he had had recourse to such bill transactions—this alone was enough to fill him with dismay. In early life he had carried his head so high, he had been so much more than a mere Government clerk, that the idea of the coming disgrace almost killed him. Would it not be well that he should put an end to himself, and thus escape? What was there in the world now for which it was worth his while to live? Lily, whom he once gained, and by that gain had placed himself high in all hopes of happiness and riches—whom he had then thrown away from him, and who had again seemed to be almost within reach—Lily had so refused him that he knew not how to approach her with a further prayer. And, had she not refused him, how could he have told her of his load of debt? As he stood at the corner where the lane runs into Lombard street, he came for a while to think almost more of Lily than of his rejected bill. Then, as he thought of both his misfortunes together, he asked himself whether a pistol would not conveniently put an end to them together.

At that moment a loud, harsh voice greeted his ear.

"Hallo, Crosbie, what brings you so far east? One does not often see you in the city."

It was the voice of Sir Raffle Buffle, which in former days had been very odious to Crosbie's ears—for Sir Raffle Buffle had once been the presiding genius of the office to which Crosbie still belonged.

"No, indeed, not very often," said Crosbie, smiling. Who can tell, who has not felt it, the pain that goes to the forcing of such smiles? But Sir Raffle was not an acutely observant person, and did not see that anything was wrong.

"I suppose you're doing a little business?" said Sir Raffle. "If a man has kept a trifle of money by him, this certainly is the time for turning it. You have always been wide awake about such things."

"No, indeed," said Crosbie.

If he could only make up his mind that he would shoot himself, would it not be a pleasant thing to inflict some condign punishment on this odious man before he left the world? But Crosbie knew that he was not going to shoot himself, and he knew also that he had no power of inflicting condign punishment on Sir Raffle Buffle. He could only hate the man, and curse him inwardly.

"Ah, ha!" said Sir Raffle. "You wouldn't be here unless you knew a good thing is to be picked up. But I must be off. I'm on the Rocky Mountain Canal Company Directory. I'm not above taking my two guineas a day. Good-by, my boy. Remember me to old Optimist."

And so Sir Raffle passed on, leaving Crosbie still standing at the corner of the lane.

What was he to do? This interruption had at least seemed to drive Lily from his mind, and to send his ideas back to the consideration of his pecuniary difficulties. He thought of his own bank, a West End establishment, at which he was personally known to many of the clerks, and where he had been heretofore treated with great consideration. But of late his balances had been very low, and more than once he had been reminded that he had overdrawn his account. He knew well that the distinguished firm of Bounce, Bounce & Bounce would not cash a bill for him or lend him money without security. He did not even dare to ask them to do so.

On a sudden he jumped into a cab, and was driven back into his office. A thought had come upon him. He would throw himself upon the kindness of a friend there. Hitherto he had contrived to hold his head so high above the clerks below him, so high before the Commissioners who were above him, that none there suspected him to be a man in difficulty. It not seldom happens that a man's character stands too high for his interest—so high that it cannot be maintained, and so high that any fall will be dangerous. And so it was with Crosbie and his character at the General Committee Office. The man to whom he was now thinking of applying as his friend was a certain Mr. Butterwell, who had been his predecessor in the secretary's chair, and who now filled the less onerous but more dignified position of a Commissioner. Mr. Crosbie had somewhat despised Mr. Butterwell, and had of late years not been averse to showing that he did so. He had snubbed Mr. Butterwell, and Mr. Butterwell, driven to his wits' ends, had tried a fall or two with him. In all these struggles Crosbie had had the best of it, and Butterwell had gone to the wall. Nevertheless, for the sake of official decency, and from certain wise remembrances of the sources of official comfort and official discomfiture, Mr. Butterwell had always maintained a show of outward friendship with the secretary. They smiled and were gracious, called each other Butterwell and Crosbie, and abstained from all cat and dog absurdities. Nevertheless, it was the frequently expressed opinion of every clerk in the office that Mr. Butterwell hated Mr. Crosbie like poison. This was the man to whom Crosbie suddenly made up his mind that he would have recourse.

As he was driven back to his office he resolved that he would make a plunge at once at the difficulty. He knew that Butterwell was fairly rich, and he knew also that he was good-natured—with that sort of sleepy good-nature which is not active for philanthropic purposes, but which dislikes to incur the pain of refusing. And then Mr. Butterwell was nervous, and if the thing was managed well, he might be cheated out of an assent, before time had been given him in which to pluck up courage for refusing. But Crosbie doubted his own courage also, fearing that if he gave himself time for hesitation he would hesitate, and that, hesitating, he would feel the terrible disgrace of the thing and not do it. So, without going to his own desk, or riding himself of his hat, he went at once to Butterwell's room. When he opened the door, he found Mr. Butterwell alone, reading the Times.

"Butterwell," said he, beginning to speak before he had even closed the door, "I have come to you in great distress. I wonder whether you can help me; I want you to lend me five hundred pounds! It must be for not less than three months."



Mr. Butterwell dropped the paper from his hands, and stared at the secretary over his spectacles.

CHAPTER XLIV.—"I SUPPOSE I MUST LET YOU HAVE IT."

Crosbie had been preparing the exact words with which he assailed Mr. Butterwell for the last quarter of an hour, before they were uttered. There is always a difficulty in the choice, not only of the words with which money should be borrowed, but of the fashion after which they should be spoken. There is the slow deliberate manner, in using which the borrower attempts to carry the wished-for lender along with him by force of argument, and to prove that the desire to borrow shows no imprudence on his own part, and that a tendency to lend will show none on the part of the intended lender. It may be said that this mode fails oftener than any other. There is the piteous manner—the plea for commiseration:

"My dear fellow, unless you will see me through now, upon my word I shall be very badly off."

And this manner may be divided again into two. There is the plea piteous with a lie, and the plea piteous with a truth.

"You shall have it again in two months as sure as the sun rises."

That is generally the plea piteous with a lie. Or it may be as follows:

"It is only fair to say that I don't quite know when I can pay it back."

This is the plea piteous with a truth, and upon the whole I think that this is generally the most successful mode of borrowing. And there is the assured demand—which betokens a close intimacy:

"Old fellow, can you let me have thirty pounds? No? Just put your name, then, on the back of this, and I'll get it done in the City."

The worst of that manner is, that the bill so often does not get itself done in the City. Then there is the sudden attack—that being the manner to which Crosbie had recourse in the present instance. That there are other modes of borrowing by means of which youth becomes indebted to age, and love to respect, and ignorance to experience, is a matter of course. It will be understood that I am here speaking only of borrowing and lending between the Butterwells and Crosbies of the world.

"I have come to you in great distress," said Crosbie. "I wonder whether you can help me. I want you to lend me five hundred pounds."

Mr. Butterwell, when he heard the words, dropped the paper which he was reading from his hand, and stared at Crosbie over his spectacles.

"Five hundred pounds," he said. "Dear me, Crosbie; that's a large sum of money."

"Yes, it is; a very large sum. Half that is what I want at once; but I shall want the other half in a month."

"I thought that you were always so much above the world in money matters. Gracious me—nothing that I have heard for a long time has astonished me more. I don't know why, but I always thought that you had your things so very snug."

Crosbie was aware that he had made one very great step toward success. The idea had been presented to Mr. Butterwell's mind, and had not been instantly rejected as a scandalously iniquitous idea, as an idea to which no reception could be given for a moment. Crosbie had not been treated as was the needy knife-grinder, and had ground to stand upon while he urged his request.

"I have been so pressed since my marriage," he said, "that it has been impossible for me to keep things straight."

"But Lady Alexandrina—"

"Yes; of course; I know. I do not like to trouble you with my private affairs; there is nothing, I think, so bad as washing one's dirty linen in public; but the truth is, that I am only now free from the rapacity of the De Courcys. You would hardly believe me if I told you what I've had to pay. What do you think of two hundred and forty-five pounds for bringing her body over here, and burying it at De Courcy?"

"I'd have left it where it was."

"And so would I. You don't suppose I ordered it to be done. Poor dear thing. If it could do her any good, God knows I would not begrudge it. We had a bad time of it when we were together, but I would have spared nothing for her, alive or dead, that was reasonable. But to make me pay for bringing the body over here when I never had a shilling with her! By George, it was too bad. And that oak, John De Courcy, I had to pay his traveling bill too."

"He didn't come to be buried—did he?"

"It's too disgusting to talk of, Butterwell, it is indeed. And when I asked for her money that was settled upon me—it was only two thousand pounds—they made me go to law, and it seems there was no two thousand pounds to settle. If I like, I can have another lawsuit with the sisters when the mother is dead. Oh, Butterwell, I have made such a fool of myself. I have come to such shipwreck! Oh, Butterwell, if you could but know it all."

"Are you free from the De Courcys now?"

"I owe Gazebee, the man who married the other woman, over a thousand pounds. But I pay that off at two hundred a year, and he has a policy on my life."

"What do you owe that for?"

"Don't ask me. Not that I mind telling you; furniture, and the lease of a house, and his bill for the marriage settlement, &c.—him."

"God bless me. They seem to have been very hard upon you."

"A man doesn't marry an earl's daughter for nothing, Butterwell. And then to think what I lost! It can't be helped now, you know. As a man makes his bed he must lie on it. I am sometimes so mad with myself when I think over it all that I should like to blow my brains out."

"You must not talk in that way, Crosbie. I hate to hear a man talk like that."

"I don't mean that I shall. I'm too much of a coward, I fancy. A man who desires to soften another man's heart, should always abuse himself. In softening a woman's heart, he should abuse her. But life has been so bitter with me for the last three years. I haven't had an hour of comfort—not an hour. I don't know why I should trouble you with all this, Butterwell. Oh! I owed the money, yes, that's just how I stand. I owed Gazebee something over a thousand pounds, which is arranged as I have told you. Then there were debts, due by my wife—at least some of them were, I suppose—and that horrid, ghastly funeral, and debts, I don't doubt, due by the cursed old countess. At any rate, to get myself clear, I raised something over four hundred pounds, and now I owe five, which must be paid, part to-morrow, and the remainder this day month."

"And you've no security?"

"Not a rag, not a shred, not a line, not an acre. There's my salary, and after paying Gazebee what comes due to him, I can manage to let you have the money within twelvemonths—that is, if you

can lend it me. I can just do that and live; and if you will assist me with the money, I will do so. That's what I've brought myself to by my own folly."

"Five hundred pounds is such a large sum of money."

"Indeed it is."

"And without any security."

"I know, Butterwell, that I've no right to ask for it. I feel that. Of course I should pay you what interest you please."

"Money's about seven now," said Butterwell. "I've not the slightest objection to seven per cent.," said Crosbie.

"But that's on security," said Butterwell.

"You can name your own terms," said Crosbie. Mr. Butterwell got out of his chair and walked about the room with his hands in his pockets.

He was thinking at that moment what Mrs. Butterwell would say to him.

"Will an answer do to-morrow morning?" he said.

"I would much rather have it to-day," said Crosbie.

Then Mr. Butterwell took another turn about the room.

"I suppose I must let you have it," he said.

"Butterwell," said Crosbie, "I'm eternally obliged to you. It's hardly too much to say that you've saved me from ruin."

"Of course I was joking about interest," said Butterwell. "Five per cent. is the proper thing. You'd better let me have a little acknowledgment. I'll give you the first half to-morrow."

They were genuine tears which filled Crosbie's eyes as he seized hold of the senior's hands.

"Butterwell," he said, "what am I to say to you?"

"Nothing at all—nothing at all."

"Your kindness makes me feel that I ought not to have come to you."

"Oh, nonsense. By-the-by, would you mind telling Thompson to bring those papers to me which I gave him yesterday? I promised Optimist I would read them before three, and it's past two now."

So saying he sat himself down at his table, and Crosbie felt that he was bound to leave the room.

Mr. Butterwell, when he was left alone, did not read the papers which Thompson brought in; but sat, instead, thinking of his five hundred pounds.

"Just put them down," he said to Thompson. So the papers were put down, and there they lay all that day and all the next. Then Thompson took them away again, and it is to be hoped that somebody read them. Five hundred pounds! It was a large sum of money, and Crosbie was a man for whom Mr. Butterwell in truth felt no very strong affection.

"Of course he must have it now," he said to himself. "But where should I be if anything happened to him?" And then he remembered that Mrs. Butterwell especially disliked Mr. Crosbie—disliked him because she knew that he snubbed her husband. "But it is hard to refuse when one man has known another for more than ten years." Then he comforted himself somewhat with the reflection that Crosbie would no doubt make himself more pleasant for the future than he had done lately; and with a second reflection that Crosbie's life was a good life; and with a third, as to his own great goodness in assisting a brother-officer. Nevertheless, as he sat looking out of the omnibus-window, on his journey home to Putney, he was not altogether comfortable in his mind. Mrs. Butterwell was a very prudent woman.

But Crosbie was very comfortable in his mind on that afternoon. He had hardly hoped for success, but he had been successful. He had not even thought of Butterwell as a possible fountain of supply, till his mind had been brought back to the affairs of his office by the voice of Sir Raffle Buffle at the corner of the street. The idea that his bill would be dishonored, and that tidings of his insolvency would be conveyed to the Commissioners at his board had been dreadful to him. The way he had been treated by Musciboro and Dobbs Broughton had made him hate city men and what he supposed to be city ways. Now there had come to him a relief which suddenly made everything light. He could almost think of Mr. Mortimer Gazebee without disgust. Perhaps after all there might be some happiness yet in store for him. Might it not be possible that Lily would yet accept him, in spite of the chilling letter—the freezing letter which he had received from Lily's mother? Of one thing he was quite certain: if ever he had an opportunity of pleading his own cause with her, he certainly would tell her everything respecting his own money difficulties.

In that last resolve I think we may say that he was right. If Lily would ever listen to him again at all, she certainly would not be deterred from marrying him from his own story of his debts.

CHAPTER XLV.—LILY DALE GOES TO LONDON.

ONE morning, toward the end of March, the squire rapped at the window of the drawing-room of the Small House, in which Mrs. Dale and her daughter were sitting. He had a letter in his hand, and both Lily and her mother knew that he had come down to speak about the contents of the letter. It was always a sign of good-humor on the squire's part, this rapping at the window. When it became necessary to him, in his gloomy moods, to see his sister-in-law, he would write a note to her, and she would go across to him at the Great House. At other times, if, as Lily would say, he was just then neither sweet nor bitter, he would go round to the front door and knock, and be admitted after the manner of ordinary people; but when he was minded to make himself thoroughly pleasant, he would come and rap at the drawing-room window, as he was doing now.

"I'll let you in, uncle: wait a moment," said Lily, as she unbolted the window, which opened out upon the lawn. "It's a dreadful cold; so come in as fast as you can."

"It's not cold at all," said the squire; "it's more like spring than any morning we've had yet, I've been sitting without a fire."

"You won't catch us without one for the next two months; will he, mamma? You have got a letter, uncle. Is it for us to see?"

"Well—yes; I've brought it down to show you. Mary, what do you think is going to happen?"

A terrible idea occurred to Mrs. Dale at that moment, but she was much too wise to give it expression. Could it be possible that the squire was going to make a fool of himself and get married?

"I am very bad at guessing," said Mrs. Dale: "you had better tell us."

"Bernard is going to be married," said Lily.

"How did you know?" said the squire.

"I didn't know—I only guessed."

"Then you've guessed right," said the squire, a little annoyed at having his news thus taken out of his mouth.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Dale; "and I know from your manner that you like the match."

"Well—yes. I don't know the lady, but I think

that upon the whole I do like it. It's quite time, you know, that he got married."

"He's not thirty yet," said Mrs. Dale.

"He will be, in a month or two."

"And who is it, uncle?"

"Well, as you're so good at guessing, I suppose you can guess that?"

"It's not that Miss Partridge he used to talk about?"

"No; it's not Miss Partridge—I'm glad to say. I don't believe that the Partridges have a shilling among them."

"Then I suppose it's an heiress?" said Mrs. Dale.

"No; not an heiress; but she will have some money of her own. And she has connections in Barsetshire, which makes it pleasant."

"Connections in Barsetshire! Who can it be?" said Lily.

"Her name is Emily Dunstable," said the squire, "and she is the niece of that Miss Dunstable who married Dr. Thorne and who lives at Chaldicotes."

"She was the woman who had millions upon millions," said Lily, "all got by selling ointment."

"Never mind how it was got," said the squire, angrily. "Miss Dunstable married most respectably, and has always made a most excellent use of her money."

"And will Bernard's wife have all her fortune?" asked Lily.

"She will have twenty thousand pounds the day she marries, and I suppose that will be all."

"And quite enough, too," said Mrs. Dale.

"It seems that old Dr. Dunstable, as he was called, who, as Lily says, sold the ointment, quarreled with his son or with his son's widow, and left nothing either to her or her child. The mother is dead, and the aunt, Dr. Thorne's wife, has always provided for the child. That's how it is, and Bernard is going to marry her. They are to be married at Chaldicotes in May."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Dale.

"I've known Dr. Thorne for the last forty years," and the squire now spoke in a low melancholy tone. "I've written to him to say that the young people shall have the old place up there to themselves if they like it."

"What! and turn you out?" said Mrs. Dale.

"That would not matter," said the squire.

"You'd have to come and live with us," said Lily, taking him by the hand.

"It doesn't matter much now where I live," said the squire.

"Bernard will never consent to that," said Mrs. Dale.

"I wonder whether she'll ask me to be a bridesmaid?" said Lily. "They say that Chaldicotes is such a pretty place, and I should see all the Barsetshire people that I've been hearing about from Grace. Poor Grace! I know that the Grants and the Thornes are very intimate. Fancy Bernard having twenty thousand pounds from the making of ointment!"

"What does it matter to you where it comes from?" said the squire, half in anger.

"Not in the least; only it sounds so odd. I do hope she's a nice girl."

Then the squire produced a photograph of Emily Dunstable which his nephew had sent to him, and they all pronounced her to be very pretty, to be very much like a lady, and to be very good-humored. The squire was evidently pleased with the match, and therefore the ladies were pleased also. Bernard Dale was the heir to the estate, and his marriage was of course a matter of moment; and as on such properties as that of Allington money is always wanted, the squire may be forgiven for the great importance which he attached to the young lady's fortune.

"Bernard could hardly have married prudently without any money," he said, "unless he had chosen to wait till I am gone."

"And then he would have been too old to marry at all," said Lily.

But the squire's budget of news had not yet been emptied. He told them soon afterward that he himself had been summoned up to London. Bernard had written to him, begging him to come and see the young lady; and the family lawyer had written also, saying that his presence in town would be very desirable.

"It is very troublesome, of course; but I shall go," said the squire.

"It will do you all the good in the world," said Mrs. Dale; "and of course you ought to know her personally before the marriage."

And then the squire made a clean breast of it and declared his full purpose.

"I was thinking that, perhaps, Lily would not object to go up to London with me."

"Oh, uncle Christopher, I should so like it," said Lily.

"If your mamma does not object."

"Mamma never objects to anything. I should like to see her objecting to that!" And Lily shook her head at her mother.

"Bernard says that Miss Dunstable particularly wants to see you."

"Does she, indeed? And I particularly want to see Miss Dunstable! How nice! Mamma, I don't think I've been in London since I wore short frocks. Do you remember taking us to the pantomime? Only think how many years ago that is. I'm quite sure it's time that Bernard should get married. Uncle, I hope you're prepared to take me to the play."

"We must see about that."

"And the opera, and Madame Trussard, and the Horticultural Gardens, and the new conjurer who makes a woman lie upon nothing. The idea of me going to London! And then I suppose I shall be one of the bridesmaids. I declare a new vista of life is opening out to me! Mamma, you must be dull while I'm away. It won't be very long, I suppose, uncle?"

"About a month, probably," said the squire.

"Oh mamma; what will you do?"

"Never mind me, Lily."

"You must get Bell and the children to come. But I cannot imagine living away from home a month. I was never away from home a month in my life."

And Lily did go up to town with her uncle, two days only having been allowed to her for her preparations. There was very much for her to think of in such a journey. It was not only that she would see Emily Dunstable who was to be her cousin's wife, and that she would go the play and visit the new conjurer's entertainment, but that she would be in the same city both with Adolphus Crosbie and with John Eames. Not having personal experience of the wideness of London, and of the wilderness which it is—of the distance which is set there between persons who are not purposely brought together—it seemed to her fancy as though for this month of her absence from home she would be brought into close contiguity with both her lovers. She had hitherto felt herself to be at any rate safe in her fortress at Allington. When Crosbie had written to her mother, making a renewed offer which had been rejected, Lily had felt that she certainly need not see him unless it

pleased her to do so. He could hardly force himself upon her at Allington. And as to John Eames, though he would, of course, be welcome at Allington as often as he pleased to show himself, still there was security in the place. She was so much at home there that she could always be mistress of the occasion. She knew that she could talk to him at Allington as though from ground higher than that on which he stood himself; but she felt this would hardly be the case if she should chance to see him in London. Crosbie probably would not come in her way. Crosbie she thought—and she blushed for the man she loved, as the idea came across her mind—would be afraid of meeting her uncle. But John Eames would certainly find her; and she was led by the experience of latter days to imagine that John would never cross her path without renewing his attempts.

But she said no word of all this, even to her mother. She was content to confine her outspoken expectations to Emily Dunstable, and the conjurer.

"The chances are ten to one against my liking her, mamma," she said.

"I don't see that, my dear."

"I feel to be too old to think that I shall ever like any more new people. Three years ago I should have been quite sure that I should love a new cousin. It would have been like having a new dress. But I've to come to think that an old dress is the most comfortable, and an old cousin certainly the best."

The squire had taken for them a gloomy lodging in Sackville street. Lodgings in London are always gloomy. Gloomy colors wear better than bright ones for curtains and carpets, and the keepers of lodgings in London seem to think that a certain dinginess of appearance is respectable. I never saw a London lodging in which any attempt at cheerfulness had been made, and I do not think that any such attempt, if made, would pay. The lodging-seeker would be frightened and dismayed, and would unconsciously be led to fancy that something was wrong. Ideas of burglars and improper persons would present themselves. This is so certainly the case that I doubt whether any well-conditioned lodging-house matron could be induced to show rooms that were prettily draped or pleasantly colored. The big drawing-room and two large bedrooms which the squire took, were all that was proper, and were as brown, and as gloomy, and as ill-suited for the comforts of ordinary life as though the had been prepared for two prisoners. But Lily was not so ignorant as to expect cheerful lodgings in London, and was satisfied.

"And what are we to do now?" said Lily, as soon as they found themselves settled. It was still March, and whatever may have been the nature of the weather at Allington, it was very cold in London. They reached Sackville about five in the evening, and an hour was taken up in unpacking their trunks and making themselves as comfortable as their circumstances allowed.

"And now what are we to do?" said Lily.

"I told them to have dinner for us at half-past six."

"And what after that? Won't Bernard come to us to-night? I expected him to be standing on the door-steps waiting for us with his bride in his hand."

"I don't suppose Bernard will be here to-night," said the squire. "He did not say that he would, and as for Miss Dunstable, I promised to take you to her aunt's house to-morrow."

"But I wanted to see her to-night. Well, of course bridesmaids must wait upon brides. And ladies with twenty thousand pounds can't be expected to run about like common people. As for Bernard—but Bernard never was in a hurry."

Then they dined, and when the squire had very nearly fallen asleep over a bottle of port wine, which had been sent in for him from some neighboring public-house, Lily began to feel that it was very dull. And she looked around the room and she thought that it was very ugly, and she calculated that thirty evenings so spent would seem to be very long. And she reflected that the hours were probably going much more quickly with Emily Dunstable, who, no doubt, at this moment had Bernard Dale by her side. And then she told herself that the hours were not tedious with her at home, while sitting with her mother, with all her daily occupations within her reach. But in so telling herself she took herself to task, inquiring of herself whether such an assurance was altogether true. Were not the hours sometimes tedious even at home? And in this way her mind wandered off to thoughts upon life in general, and she repeated to herself over and over again the two words which she had told John Eames that she would write in her journal. The reader will remember these two words—"Old Maid!" And she had written them in her book, making each letter a capital, and round them she had drawn a scroll, ornamented after her own fashion, and she had added the date in quaintly formed figures—for in such matters Lily had some little skill and a dash of fun to direct it—and she had inscribed below it an Italian motto, "Who goes softly, goes safely," and above her work of art she had put a heading, "As Arranged by Fate for L. D." Now she thought of all this, and reflected whether Emily Dunstable was in truth very happy. Presently the tears came into her eyes, and she got up and went to the window, as though she were afraid that her uncle might wake and see them. And as she looked out on the blank street she muttered a word or two. "Dear mother! dearest mother!" Then the door was opened, and her cousin Bernard announced himself. She had not heard his knock at the door, as she had been thinking of the two words in her book.

"What, Bernard! Ah—yes—of course," said the squire, rubbing his eyes as he strove to wake himself. "I wasn't sure you would come, but I'm delighted to see you. I wish you joy with all my heart—all my heart."

"Of course I should come," said Bernard.

"Dear Lily, this is so good of you. Emily is so delighted."

Then Lily spoke her congratulations warmly, and there was no trace of a tear in her eyes, and she was thoroughly happy as she sat by her cousin's side and listened to his raptures about Emily Dunstable.

"And you will be so fond of her aunt," he said.

"But is she not awfully rich?" said Lily.

"Frightfully rich," said Bernard; "but really you would hardly find it out if nobody told you. Of course she lives in a big house and has a heap of servants; but she can't help that."

"I hate a heap of servants," said Lily.

Jim P—— was in the tanning-business, and was also afflicted with a punning partner. One day Jim said:

"Harrison has offered me a lot of bark, cheap."

"Has he, hey—bark?"

"Yes, bark."

"Well, then, I advise you to buy't."



## SENEGAL LIONESS AND WHELPS.

WHATEVER may be said against the lion, no hunter ever yet reported him, wherever he is yet found, anything but "a faithful husband and affectionate parent." So good an account cannot be given of his wife, who, as a rule, is cruel, mean and vicious. When she arrives at the age of three years, and her parents will no longer support her, she goes abroad to seek a mate. She, however, is fastidious, and seldom or ever accepts the first young fellow that makes up to her. She can afford to pick and choose—young lions being much more plentiful than she, in consequence of the latter having immense difficulty in cutting her teeth, and, in at least one case in every four, dying from that cause in their infancy. So she picks her way daintily along till two or three young fellows, sighing like turnpike, join her train, quarreling jealously amongst themselves, and snapping and biting at each other, but ever humble and courtly in their behavior toward her. If her beaus are well matched for size and strength, this game is kept up for a day or two, until there comes along a right royal bachelor lion, with full-grown glistening teeth and a handsome mane. Heedless of the presence of her youthful suitors, he pays court to her; and instead of pleading "engagement," as one would think she would, the treacherous vixen lends an attentive ear to his brief pleadings, and reclines on the ground while he settles the question with his rivals. This takes but a very few minutes. While he rushes amongst them, giving one a claw and another a grip, she lies pleasantly watching the sport, expressing her approval by purring and wagging her tail, till they are all sent limping off; then she rises, and gayly trots off with the victor.

From that moment he is her slave. She walks first, he follows till she grows hungry, then he goes first—goes alone, in fact—to find her some supper, she reclining comfortably along the leaf-strewn ground meanwhile. When he finds some supper, he brings it to her, or, if too heavy, he stands by the side of the game and roars till she comes, touching not a mouthful till she has filled her belly, and given him leave to begin. In fact, he is "hers till death"—or he would be if she would allow him; but she won't. She cleaves to her lord just so long as a better-looking lion keeps out of sight, but not a moment beyond. Jules Gerard relates an anecdote illustrative of the conjugal fidelity of the lioness:

An Arab, one moonlight night, climbed into a tree with his gun, for the purpose of shooting a stag. About midnight he saw a lioness approaching, followed by a full-grown lion. The lioness left the path in the midst of the jungle, and laid down at the foot of the tree in which the Arab was perched. The lion, however, kept the path and appeared to be listening to something. Presently the man in the tree caught the faintest possible sound of a roar, and the lioness under the tree at once responded. The husband of the audacious beast, scowling terribly at her, threw up his head and gave forth a roar so full of wrath and defiance, that the terrified man in the tree dropped his gun, and was obliged to cling to the branches to save himself from falling.

By degrees the distant roaring became louder, as did the tones of the lioness, while the lion, glaring furiously and whipping his hollow sides with his tail, hurried to and fro from the path to the tree, and seemed to employ himself equally in reasoning with his fickle mate on the impropriety of her behavior, and in giving bold replies to the challenges of his approaching foe.

After a while, a splendid black-maned lion made his appearance at the extremity of the jungle, and the lioness at once rose to go toward him; but her husband, divining her intention, leapt before, and presently stood face to face with his dark-haired rival. They crouched to spring at the same instant, and, leaping, met and embraced in the air. Then they rolled over to the earth and began a long and terrible struggle; and while bones were cracking between the mighty jaws of the fighters—while too busy to waste time in roaring they clawed and gripped and vented their pain and fury in muffled sobs and moans—the lioness lay placidly on the grass blinking her eyes and pleasantly wagging her tail. By degrees the struggling of the brutes became less and less fierce; and presently one lay still entirely and the other had so little life left that his roar of victory was a mere whisper. So the lioness finding that the sport was over, walked leisurely to the prostrate bodies, sniffed one, then the other, and then trotted off without the least concern.

The lion is of nocturnal habits, and there can be little doubt that the prevalent opinion respecting his friendliness to man takes root in that fact. He never turns out from his lair from sunrise to sunset except when he is disturbed by thirst or some equally weighty reason; and then he slouches along in a somnolent condition; and is no more aware of surrounding objects than is a man who wakes in the middle of the night, parched with thirst, and sleepily gropes for his water-glass. The drowsy lion, like the drowsy man, pacifies his thirst and then returns to his slumbers.

"When a lion is met in the day-time," says Dr. Livingstone, "if preconceived notions do not lead you to expect something very noble or majestic, you will see merely an animal, somewhat larger than the biggest dog you ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features; the face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like the dog's. When encountered in the day-time, the lion stands a second or two, then turns slowly round and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder, then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a grayhound."

Lions and lionesses generally couple about January, and from one to three cubs are born at a litter; if three, two males and one female; if two, one of each sex. For several days after her young come into the world, the lioness never leaves them for an instant; but as soon as they can trot by her side she takes them for a bit of a walk, and treats them to a nice piece of sheep or goat's flesh, carefully shredded so as not to hurt their tender gums; indeed, the inhabitants of regions where lions

abound know to their sorrow when the promising young family is in the vicinity. The study of the habits of the young lion is a subject upon which most of our information has to be derived from the natives of the countries in which they grow, since the lion never breeds in confinement.

## Scene on the Levee at New Orleans.

THE levee at New Orleans is the bank which prevents the Mississippi from overflowing the city. It is broad and flat; and being the place where all the freight of the immense trade of the Mississippi is received and dispatched, is naturally crowded with all classes of people, and is a scene of constant activity. Our illustration represents some of the typical characters to be seen at any time upon it, engaged either in passing a lazy hour, watching the busy life about them, or driving small trades as beggars, peddlers, vendors of all kinds, and similar employments. All kinds of languages are heard in these crowds, since New Orleans, being partly French, and being also the second port in the country for immigration, receives large numbers of foreigners. Our illustration gives an accurate idea of the busy scenes to be found constantly at almost any point of the length of the levee.

## Turquino's Peak in the Island of Cuba.

THE mountains of the Island of Cuba belong to the Insular or Antillan system, one of the seven into which the modern geographers divide the mountains of America, and the source or nucleus of which is to be found in the Island of Cuba.

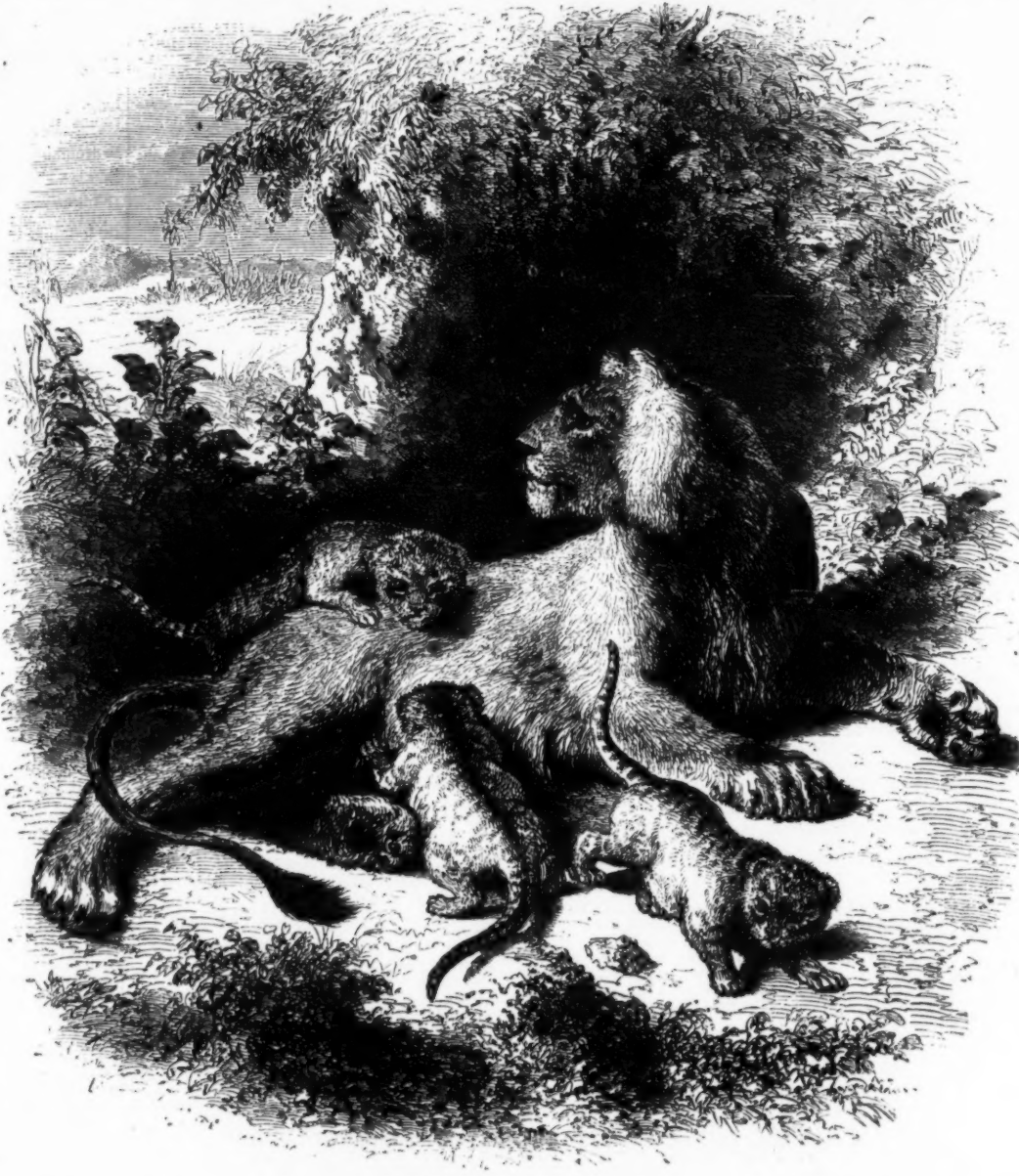
Six main groups are found in Cuba. Guaniguanico, the most westerly; the Cubanacan, the most central; the

transparency over the main entrance, which, being interpreted, reads:

"Welcome, brother singers! Thrice welcome! Harmonious as our happy songs our merry hearts shall always be."

The Societies which participated in the festivities numbered 106. A list of these, with the number of delegates representing each, is given below:

Liedertafel, Philadelphia, 29; Society Reform Gesang Verein, New York, 45; Aurora, Egg Harbor, 33; Maennerchor, Reading, 24; Liederkreis, Philadelphia, 64; Uhland Bund, New York, 43; Frohsinn, Bloomingdale, 25; Arion, Baltimore, 43; Liedertafel der Freien Gemeinde, Philadelphia, 44; Saengerbund, New York, 39; Saengerbund, Jersey City, 21; Saengerbund, Washington, D. C., 29; Harmonie Club, Scranton, Pa., —; Caccella, Phila., 37; Schwaebischer Saengerbund, New York, 48; Maennerchor, Lancaster, 22; Lorely Maennerchor, Pittsburgh, 23; Aurora, Newark, 44; Eintracht, Newark, 34; Liederkreis, Newark, 24; Arion, Newark, 32; Phoenix, Newark Delegation, —; Arion Quartette Club, Washington, 29; Beethoven Maennerchor, New York, 46; Beethoven Maennerchor, Phila., 20; Maennerchor, Phila., 56; Germania Maennerchor, Baltimore, 42; Teutonia Maennerchor, New York, 62; Maennerchor Wilkesbarre, 8; Delaware Saengerbund, Wilmington, 23; Maennerchor, Camden, Germania Maennerchor, Philadelphia, 32; Turner Gesang Verein, Baltimore, 40; Liederkreis, Syracuse, Maennerchor, Utica, 14; Germania, Poughkeepsie, 16; Gesang Verein, Orange, New York, 13; Liedertafel, Melrose, New York, 31; Saengerbund, Buffalo, New York, 25; Orpheus, Philadelphia, 25; Soc. Ref. Liedertafel, New York, 25; Liedertafel der Ver. Soc. Reformer, New York, 30; Deutscher M. G. Verein, Auburn, 13; Central New York Saengerbund, Albany, 25; Saengerbund, Williamsburgh, New York, 78; Quartette Club, Staten Island, Teutonia



SENEGAL LIONESS AND WHELPS.

Sagua-Baracoa, the most easterly, and the Macaca's group next to it on the most southerly coast of Cuba. It runs from Cape Cruz in the west to the river Bacanao, near Santiago de Cuba. It is known also by the name of Sierra-Maestra.

The highest mountains of the West Indies or Antillan system are to be found here, the Ojo del Toro, literally the Bull's Eye, the nearest to Cape Cruz, is about 3,600 feet high; Pico Turquino, or Turquino's Peak, is the highest of all, since it measures 8,400 feet. From its majestic elevation a fair view of Jamaica can be obtained on a fine day. Near by this peak there is to be seen the Sierra del Cobre, Copper Range, where the mines of this metal are wrought. All these peaks have the volcanic shape, besides which the earthquakes of Cuba are generally felt there in the Sierra-maestra.

## The Meeting of the German Singing Societies in Philadelphia.

THE great meeting in Philadelphia of the various German Singing Societies, forms the subject of two of our illustrations in this week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The first of these illustrates the reception on the 13th of July of the Societies from other cities.

Hundreds of German establishments all over the city of Philadelphia were elaborately decorated with flags and evergreens, and Saengerbund Hall, at York avenue and Callowhill street, and National Guards Hall, in Race street, the Headquarters of the Committees, were fitted up in fine style for the reception of the strangers. Among the many tokens of welcome noticeable at the first-named hall, was the stanza inscribed upon the large

Maennerchor, Philadelphia, 20; Liedertafel, New York, 22; Concordia, Hazleton, Pa., 19; Saengerbund, Hartford, Conn., 29; Teutonia, Maennerchor, N. H., Conn., 33; Liederkreis, Morrisania, N. Y., 13; Arion Quartette Club, Rochester, 10; Virginia, Richmond, 13; Harmonie, Baltimore, 11; Saengerchor, Baltimore, 14; Concordia Gesang Ver., Philadelphia, 18; Concordia Maennerchor, New York, 16; Harmonie, New York, 40; Elstracht, North Hoboken, 19; Euphonia, New York, 13; Quartette Club, Hoboken, 35; Saengerbund, Brooklyn, 42; Allg. Saengerbund, New York, 12; Lyra Maennerchor, New York, 34; Mozart Verein, New York, 51; Liederkreis, New York, 92; Saengerbund, Phila., 67; Turner Liedertafel, Baltimore, 17; Liederkreis, Providence, 15; Aurora, Phil., 37; Fidelis, New York, 26; Mozart Maennerchor, New York, 27; Arminia, New York, 36; Colonia Maennerchor, New York, 35; Bloomingdale Chor., New York, 16; Hudson Maennerchor, New York, 23; Harmonie, New York, 26; Junger Maennerchor, Phila., 63; Colonia, New York, 35; Liederkreis, Baltimore, 67; Junger Maennerchor, New York, 27; Melomanan, New York, 27; Orpheus, New York, 18; Quartette Club, New York, 35; Rheinischer Saengerbund, New York, 25; Saengerbund New York, 50; Arion, Phila., 34; Schwab, Liederkreis, New York, 37; Soc. Maennerchor, N. Y., 27; Teutonia, Brooklyn, 28; Quartette Club, Williamsburgh, 18; Quartette Club, Hudson City, 25; Germania, Elizabeth City, Teutonia, Elizabethport, Eintracht, Union Hill, 34; Lorely Maennerchor, New York, 20; Phoenix, New York, 8; Harlem Maennerchor, New York, 24; Arion, Williamsburgh, New York, 25; Union Maennerchor, New York, —; Concordia Maennerchor, Philadelphia, 57.

The societies from the Eastern States were received at the foot of Walnut street, and after forming in line the procession moved to Independence Square, where

an immense crowd had assembled to greet the visitors. Stands had been erected, and dozens of banners hung upon the outer walls, bearing warm words of greeting and good fellowship. The stand was very tastefully decorated, and bore in the centre the United States arms, surmounted by a large gilt eagle. Above the front was an arrangement of gas-jets in the form of stars, between which were displayed in letters of fire the words "Welcome to Saengerfest."

The scene in the square was a very brilliant one. At the time the procession reached the stand the gloomy area in the rear of the old hall was ablaze with light from hissing rockets and gas-jets innumerable.

The next day the various societies went on picnics. On the 16th inst. a monster concert was given, at the Academy of Music, and the day after the monster picnic, which forms the subject of our second illustration, took place at a farm near Philadelphia, belonging to Messrs. Engle and Wolf.

Arriving at the picnic grounds there was a scene of bustle, which soon subsided into the most perfect order, as, according to the programme, every society had its locality allotted—The Second Division to Washington Retreat; the Third Division ditto, the limits of the camp ending at the boundaries of the ground occupied by the Rifle Corps lodge; Fourth, Engle & Wolf's farm; Fifth, ditto. There was no confusion, and each band preserved its individuality. They found their quarters ornamented before they came, as well as prepared for them.

Tents, or more properly booths, had been reared, and filled with all the comforts. There was nothing but singing, and laughter, and abandon, until three o'clock, when all the revelers left their haunts and repaired to the central point—the Temple of the Honorary Committee. This Temple, which will hereafter be a fixture of the farm, is one of the Eastern ideas. Pagoda-like, it is all fret-work, hexagonal in form, and intended for ordinary use as a summer-house.

On this occasion, its first use, it was decked like all the different headquarters, with the hunting of all nations, a wilderness of colors, a maze of folds and flutterings. First in order was the awarding of the prizes. This was an easy task compared to the difficulties of the Committee of Judges, who had to decide where all was good. Amid the most profound silence the following was read:

First Prize.—The Liederkreis, of New York.

Second Prize.—The Hoboken Quartette.

Third Prize.—The Teuton Maennerchor, New York.

Fourth Prize.—The Quartette Club, of New York.

Fifth Prize.—The Liederkreis, of Baltimore.

Special mention was made of the German Maennerchor, of Baltimore; the Saengerbund, of Buffalo; and the Saengerbund, of Brooklyn.

This award was received with great favor and applause, and the members of the successful bands were congratulated cheerfully and warmly by members of other societies.

After listening to speeches, and protracting the festivities, the company separated, and returning to Philadelphia, departed next day for their homes, carrying with them nothing but the kindest memories of the hospitality they had enjoyed, and of the good feeling of brotherhood and unity which had been evolved from the festival.

## FAME AND REPUTATION.

FAME is only popularity on a larger scale, extending over greater spaces of miles and years. There is a vast deal of charlatanism, and of all the worst elements of vulgar popularity, in some of the most consecrated renowns. There are two lines of policy before a man who desires either fame or popularity; one quite easy, and smooth, and safe; the other arduous and hazardous. The first is to make one's self famous by leadership in similitudes, counting on sympathy; the other by opposition, counting on the chances of proselytism. In art-criticism, for instance, take the French critic Charles Blanc as an example of the first, and the English critic John Ruskin as an example of the second. Nothing could have been easier than M. Blanc's programme, to praise all men of established reputation, and find fault with all whose reputations were

not established. Ruskin's programme, if he had any, was to regard no man's reputation, but the truth only, and trust to his chances of persuading people to listen to him. At this date, Mr. Ruskin is by far the more influential and famous critic of the two; but to achieve this result needed ten times the industry, a hundred times the information, and a thousand times the capacity, of his rival. Men of ordinary abilities can only become famous as advocates of doctrines and institutions already strongly established. Like invalid soldiers, they are only fit to defend mighty citadels that other men have planned and built. It needs native vigor and courage to fight without these aids. Therefore, a prudent man who is determined to succeed, will ensconce himself prudently behind the good old bomb-proof batteries of established opinions—he will not expose his skin too rashly—he will defend everything that is already well defended, and assault everything that is not allowed to make any effectual resistance. As little dogs bark very loudly when they are well backed, so he will be eloquent enough in defense of ideas which have no need of his protection. Under a despotism he will be with the despot; in a "free" country, that is, a country tyrannized over by a majority, he will be on the side of the majority. This kind of prudence, it is necessary to observe, is only possible to people without honor. Plenty such are in the world, every circle has some specimens. Their easy success is, no doubt, pleasant enough to them; but let us hope that we may never be mean enough to envy it. Yet there is a kind of prudence and management possible to the most honorable men. It consists in the wise employment of one's resources. Every man of talent has in him capacities of various kinds, and may, as he chooses, cultivate those which lead toward fame, or those which lead away from it.



## Summer Rambles Through the Country—A Trip to Some of the Natural Curiosities of Arkansas.



PROFILE OF DARDANELLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

## A Trip to Some of the Natural Curiosities of Arkansas.

THE State of Arkansas, though but slightly known to tourists, contains some of the finest and most interesting scenery in this country. Hitherto shut out as it has been by the system of slavery, its natural resources, which are most varied and of inestimable value, are commencing to attract attention. A brief description of some of the points of interest, which we illustrate in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, will prove of value as suggestions to the tourist.

The first is the Dardanelle Rock. This rock is a part of the Magazine Mountain, and is a most remarkable headland where it terminates on the Arkansas River, opposite Norristown, in Pope County. This rock is composed of ferruginous sandstone, dipping at an angle of forty degrees toward the river. The bearing of the comb of the ridge, which is coincident with the strike-line of the strata, is west ten degrees north. Layers on the summit are of a pale red color, tinged by oxyd of iron. On the north slope, the rock is laid off with numerous concentric hard ferruginous veins, disposed in rows of rectangular and triangular figures, with great regularity, giving to the surface a tessellated appearance.



STANDING ROCK, BROAD CAMP CREEK, POLK COUNTY, ARKANSAS.

The elevation of the Dardanelle Rock, above the road which winds round its base, is 250 feet, and about 280 feet above the Arkansas River.

At an elevation of from 80 to 100 feet, above the base of the ridge, and half a mile northwest of the point of the Dardanelle Rock, a strong chalybeate spring issues from the crevices of the ferruginous sandstone.

From the summit of the Dardanelle Rock there is an extensive prospect. The Magazine Mountain is in full view, bearing away to the west-southwest, the Petit Jean to the South, over and beyond which some of the highest peaks of the Fourche la Pave range are visible in the far distance bearing a few degrees east of south, the Arkansas River washing its base on the north, with Norristown on the opposite shore, and level farming lands seen behind in perspective; the Arkansas River, like a bright line, winding its way among them, and conducting the eye to the site of Dardanelle village, partially hid by the forest.

From a single point on the Arkansas River the outline of the Dardanelle Rock on the southeast exhibits a distinct profile, all the features of the face, and the outline of the head being represented. This singular natural effect is the subject for another of our illustrations.

Another natural curiosity, called Standing Rock, is situated on Boardcamp Creek. At the third crossing of this stream, on the road from Dallas to Dr. Gilliam's, this conspicuous landmark rises from out the crumbling shales, like an artificial piece of masonry, to the height of ninety feet above the creek. The beds of the millstone grit are not only thrown out of their original position, but are highly metamorphosed. The main wall of the Standing Rock has been altered from a sandstone to a crisp, brittle quartzite, of white and smoky gray colors, with sometimes a calcedonic lustre and appearance. This metamorphism has undoubtedly been produced by the prolonged action of hot alkaline, silicious waters. The shales, doubtless from their im-

pervious nature, are much less altered than the sandstones and grits. These are, however, in some instances, modified into argillo-silicious, or argillo-magnesian slates, more or less indurated; and near the confines of Arkansas and the Choctaw country they have been altered into a fine quality of roofing slate, fully equal, if not superior, to the best quality of Vermont slate.

One of the highest points in Pulaski county is the high conical peak, known as "The Pinnacle." By measurement by the aneroid barometer, it was found to be 770 feet above the Arkansas river. The summit of this Pinnacle is of hard sandstone, of the millstone grit formation, dipping north at an angle of twenty-two degrees. Some of it is a most beautiful white gritstone, well adapted for building purposes. It is only the loose blocks which have rolled down the mountain, which are at present accessible. By good engineering, however, a road could be carried up on the north slope. In sight of the Pinnacle, on the Arkansas river, near the mouth of the Big Maumelle, are "The Natural Steps," of which we also give an illustration.

These are formed by two prominent walls of hard sandstone, which are standing nearly on edge, having between them about twenty feet of reddish, compacted and fractured argillaceous shales, with segregations of iron ore, the southeast wall being flanked on the south-

east by a similar mass of shale, at least a 100 feet exposed. These masses of shale have crumbled away and formed steep, smooth banks, from which "The Natural Steps" jut forth in bold relief. The height of "The Natural Steps" is fifty feet above low-water mark.

Seen from the river at a little distance, they have a wonderfully artificial appearance, looking like steps laid by regular masonry, and form, indeed, not only a remarkable feature in the landscape, but also a striking and unequivocal instance, of which Arkansas furnishes several, of strata tilted nearly on edge.

## LETTER FROM NICARAGUA.

The following letter will prove of interest to our readers:

CHONTALES, NICARAGUA, April, 1867.

The stillness of the virgin forests, which to this day cover a great part of Chontales, would probably not have been broken for generations if it had not been for the discovery of a very productive gold mine, and which, until recently, was the property of a Spanish-American, and has now passed into the hands of English capitalists.

For many years the first owner had drawn none but blanks in the great lottery of mining enterprise. He had been one of the first settlers at Libertad, a place which derived its name from a grog-shop of that name, where everybody had liberty to do pretty much as he liked.

One day, when hopelessly embarrassed, a man, with the image of St. Peter, passed the house, asking whether anybody wished to offer up prayers to the saint. The poorer classes of Nicaragua do not always give money to these wandering image-bearers, but frequently whatever good things they may have in their possession, such as cacao beans, chocolate, lumps of sugar, wax candles,

etc.; and the wife of the impoverished miner could lay her hands on nothing better than a piece of scented soap. But she promised to present a chalice to the village church if St. Peter would let her husband, who had been so singularly unfortunate in gold-mining, find a good silver mine. The husband having fully ratified the vow, both awaited with confidence the asked-for intercession. They were not doomed to be disappointed.

A short time afterward an Indian called, and the miner's miserable plight became at once the topic of conversation.

"If it is rich stones you are harping after," said the Indian, "I can take you to a place where you can find enough to last you a lifetime."

The offer was gladly accepted, on condition that if the place turned out as rich as represented the Indian should receive three cows for showing it. Chopping-knife in hand, and a few provisions on their backs, the two entered the thick virgin forest, which stretches from Libertad to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. After traveling several leagues, they arrived at a place where the Indians were in the habit of shooting Javalis, a kind of wild boar.

"Will this satisfy you?" asked the guide, triumphantly.

The miner was dumfounded. After years of fruitless toil and search, he saw at last before him a property combining all the features of a good mine. On the slopes of a hill, rising five hundred feet above a riverbed, he found a wide lode of quartz rock, rich in silver and gold, and traceable for several miles; magnificent waterfalls available for setting in motion the most powerful machinery, and in every direction timber of excellent quality for mining purposes. This was the now famous Javalis mine, the ore of which up to that time was taken out in small quantities only, and ground to powder in mortars cut out of the solid rock whenever the Indians required gold for trading purposes. Hastening to register his claims officially, the enraptured miner tried

to raise the funds necessary for turning this valuable discovery to account; but his credit was so low that not one of his countrymen would lend him a few dollars to buy picks and shovels. He would have been obliged to abandon all thought of working the mine if a generous foreigner had not come forward with the necessary funds, and also stood between him and his relentless creditors, when the riches of Javalis came to be known. In a short time the miner was able to pay off all his and his father's debts, and purchase houses and estates. The chalice promised to St. Peter's shrine was not forgotten. It was made of thirty-six ounces of gold, and by the hands of a German goldsmith, under whose hospitable roof the miner was living when his wife registered the vow.

The discovery of the Javalis, or rather the betrayal of its existence by the Indian, led to the exploration of the surrounding district, and the finding of more than 300 mines of more or less importance. A proper geological survey of this undoubtedly rich district—rich in both silver and gold—has, however, as yet not been attempted, though it might be expected to lead to results which would more than a thousandfold repay the expenses of such an undertaking. But Nicaragua, like most parts of Spanish America where the foreign element has not yet penetrated, is so poor that it has no funds for projects of this nature. Though all mines are national property, the discovery and tracing them out is entirely left to the individual enterprise of the people who have acquired a certain amount of empirical geological knowledge, and who, when they find rich spots, make them their own by registering them officially.

As long as the mines are worked, and worked properly, the title thus acquired is undisputed; but if for two years no work is done in them, they revert once more to the nation, and may be registered anew. Some of the most important mines of Chontales are now owned by foreigners, who are gradually introducing a better system of working them. The natives still go on mining in the most expensive and primitive manner.



THE NATURAL STEPS, ARKANSAS.



Deep shafts they cannot sink, because they do not know how to timber the ground; and not having deep shafts, they cannot avail themselves of even such a simple contrivance as a tackle, and have to carry all the ore on the backs of men in leather bags, fastened by a strap round the forehead. A man carries about a hundredweight at a time, and has to climb up steep banks of trees, in which notches have been cut. In damp weather these primitive ladders are very slippery, and cause numerous accidents. The ore is ground by water-power and in vast, heavy rocks of quartz and basalt being used for crushing.

Many of the miners are natives of the neighboring republic of Honduras. They are better workmen than the Nicaraguans, but enjoy the reputation of being greater thieves. Amongst them are some who practice the revolting habit of earth-eating. These earth-eaters do not constitute a separate tribe, but are principally negroes and half-castes, seldom Indians, never pure whites. They are easily recognized by their peculiarly livid and sickly color. Their nicknames, "toros" (bulls), must have been given them not on account of their bodily strength, for they are poor, emaciated people, but more probably because they lick the ground as bulls are sometimes wont to do. The earth which they eat is a kind of clay found in the mines. I shall have it properly analyzed when I get home, and it may then be compared with the edible earth of Syria, to which Ehrenberg's researches apply, and with that mentioned some time back by the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. It is called "jabonada," because when moist it has a certain soapiness and causes some foam when brought into contact with the saliva. It is cream-colored, often tinged with pink, and has a slightly fatty taste. When well selected, there is no sand in the pieces, the whole substance dissolving on the tongue; but as tit-bits of this kind are not always obtainable, a slight admixture of sand is not objected to. Earth-eating is a vice which, like any other vice, grows upon people, and when carried to excess, kills its victims without mercy. The same arguments which are applied to the suppression of drunkenness are applied, generally with as little success, to earth-eating. One of the miners in the Javali gave me a full account of the way he used to go on. He was about twelve years old when he took to the habit, and carried it on till he was twenty-five. Commencing little by little, he ultimately ate several pounds a day, and he lived successive days upon nothing but earth, always drinking a good quantity of water, and feeling little or no appetite for any other kind of food. At most times he used to eat the earth as it came from the mine, but sometimes he would vary the flavor by an admixture of common brown sugar, or by tossing the clay over the fire. At last he carried earth-eating to such an excess, that he became seriously ill, and had to give it up to save his life. More than two years had elapsed since he had ceased to eat earth, nevertheless, the livid look peculiar to earth-eaters, and thought that he should never regain his natural color. It is very difficult to say what proportion of the mining population of Chontales are addicted to earth-eating. As the majority regard it as a vice, many practice the habit on the sly; but from my own observation, I should say they amount to about ten per cent.

In these mountains a species of caoutchouc (known here by its Aztec name of ule), vanilla, asarapilla, quassia, usitic and other valuable woods abound, and there are many vegetable productions perfectly new to science. Amongst the most noteworthy are a Pitcher-plant (every unbel of which terminates in five flower-bearing pitchers filled with water), an Achimenes with beautiful velvety leaves, a large white Sobralia, and a tree with fingered leaves and small round seeds, which are occasionally offered for sale by the Indians, and from which chocolate of a flavor superior to that of the common cacao is manufactured. Some day this chocolate tree will doubtless be extensively grown by Europeans; and as it occurs in these woods together with the common naturalized cacao, it may have been cultivated when this district was more thickly inhabited by Indians than it is at present.

You still see pure Indians in the Chontales Mountains, but they are not numerous, and are retiring into the solitude of the forest as fast as the white men, or the more numerous half-castes approach. Twenty years ago there are said to have been many Indian families about Libertad, but there are now a few only. Earlier still, centuries ago, there must have been a large Indian population in the grassy districts of the Chontales. A great number of ancient tombs, met with in almost every direction, sufficiently attest this. These tombs are found in places having a rocky soil and good drainage. The Indians never selected ill-drained sites for their villages, and many of the most healthy towns built by the Spaniards in America are in localities originally selected by Indians. From what I saw, it would seem that in these ancient Chontales villages the houses were in the centre, and the tombs, placed in circles around, formed the outskirts. The tombs are of different heights and sizes. One of the largest, which was about twenty feet long by twelve feet wide and eight feet above ground, I saw opened by people in search of golden ornaments. It took four men about a fortnight to remove the heap of stones placed on the top of the grave and to lay the grave itself completely open. No gold was found, but a round pillar, seven feet high and eighteen inches across, which was standing upright in the centre of the tomb, a corn-mill, in shape like those still in use in the country, a knife ten inches long, an instrument like a reaping-hook, and a tiger's head (natural size)—all of stone—besides some broken crocks and a quantity of balls as large as peas and made of burnt clay. In some instances, gold ornaments have been met with, but not in sufficient numbers to offer much inducement for people to destroy these venerable relics. Men of science will, therefore, find about Juigalpa, San Diego, Libertad, and other places, a sufficiently large number to enable them to throw some light upon the stone age of these extinct tribes.

The Indians who before the Spanish conquest inhabited Nicaragua did not construct any large temples, or other stone buildings, as some of the other natives of Central America have done. But in some parts they made stone idols of considerable dimensions, some of them representing the human figure and reminding us of those of Easter Island, in the Pacific. A most finished piece of sculpture I found near the Limon mine in New Segovia. It was a large font broken in halves, having on the outside a human face representing the sun, the hair doing duty for the rays. But what struck me as singular was the circumstance that there was a long pair of mustachios, such as no Indian ever had; and the question at once suggested itself—did fancy induce the Indian artist to add this long appendage, or did he copy it directly or indirectly from a bearded race with which his countrymen had come in contact?

Although the gold regions of Chontales are very close to the Atlantic Ocean, yet there is no direct road between them and the seaboard, and all communication is kept up by American steamers passing up the river San Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua. Passengers are discharged at San Ubaldo, where, during the wet season, they have to traverse the most awful swampy plains imaginable. They have, whether they like it or not, to plunge into holes filled with mud and water that make the hair of any novice in Central American traveling stand on end. One of my companions, who had never seen any other roads than those of England, despondently inquired whether we could not go round when we came to the first of these mud-holes, from which a Californian, out "prospecting," was struggling with all his might to extricate himself and his wretched mule. My old shipmate, the late Captain J. Hill, R.N., has fixed the geographical position of St. Domingo, one of the larger mines, making the latitude, by observation, 13 degrees 16 minutes north, and the longitude, from chart, eighty-four degrees fifty-nine minutes west. This leaves but a short distance between the principal mines and the seaboard, and from Pefia Blanca, which is the highest known peak of Chontales, and may be about 2,500 feet above the sea, you can make out the hills about Blewfields, though not the ocean itself. At my suggestion, a meeting was called of all those who had either been from Chontales to Blewfields, or who were interested in opening direct road between them. A good many responded to the call, and I elicited much useful information, tending to show that it was practicable to cut a road from Javali to Aguas Muertas, the navigable parts of the Blewfields river. Pefia Blanca commands a very fine view. You cannot see any rivers, though they discharge themselves into the Atlantic, the Javali entering the Mico and the Mico the Blewfields;

but you can see the Javali lode of auriferous quartz rocks for several miles, and distinctly face the various branches (which in many instances have proved extremely rich) running into it. Further on, the eye passing over dense virgin forests, encounters green savannas. The view is bounded on the east by the Blewfields hills, on the west by the Lake of Nicaragua and its characteristic islands. What a capital subject for a geographical paper an exploration of this district would afford! It is truly virgin ground, where here and there you meet a few families of Indians—"Caribes" the half-castes of Nicaragua call them, though they do not practice the fattening of the head and other customs deemed peculiar to that race.

The vegetation of Pefia Blanca is distinct from that of any other mountain top I have seen in Chontales. I found a fine purple Lobelia, a scarlet caulescent Orchid, and a crimson Macleania. Much to my regret, many of the woody plants had been destroyed by fire. On my last ascent the gentleman who had kindled the flame was with me, and was somewhat astonished when instead of receiving unqualified praise for having cleared the view, I told him it was fortunate, standing as we did on the brink of a yawning precipice, that the enraged botanist within me was somewhat mollified by my appreciation of the fine landscape which he had as it were unrolled.

There are many good monkeys, gray squirrels, green parrots, wild turkeys, macaws, and snakes, in the woodlands of Chontales; the largest and most common snake, known by the native name of Isoboa, attains six to eight feet in length, but is not venomous. In the grassy parts you find a good number of armadillos, which the natives are very fond of eating. We caught one to take home; but having to leave it a few days at some house, we were told that it had disappeared during our absence, the temptation of eating it having probably proved too strong. Gossiping about animal life, I should not omit alluding to a gigantic saurian, said to have been seen last year in New Segovia, and of the vertebrae of which people have made footstools. An account of the "monster" fills several columns of the official gazette of Nicaragua, and is from the pen of one Paulino Montenegro, B. A. The author states that having seen the existence of a gigantic reptile near La Cuchilla, he started, in company with several friends, to have a look at the animal, which was said to have made large burrows in the manner of moles, and been the cause of uprooting trees and making large stones roll down hill. He found everything as represented, and saw the course the animal, or rather animals, for there appeared to have been two of different sizes, had taken. He did not obtain a sight of the animals themselves; but from the tunnels they had made, it was conjectured that they had the shape of the gaspate fish of the country, were about twelve yards in length, and from impressions left on the wet ground, had "scales like those of alligators." Ancient tradition, the reporter adds, knows of several monsters of similar size in the neighborhood. To a man of science the account given is altogether unsatisfactory; but before consigning it to the lumber-room of cock-and-bull stories, the affair ought to be looked into more closely. We must not forget that on the very highway of nations, the Isthmus of Panama, one of the largest, if not the largest, terrestrial animal of tropical America (*Elasmotherium Bairdi*, Gill, or *Tapirus Bairdi*, J. E. Gray) was allowed to roam about unknown to men of science, though well-known to the natives, until quite recently Professor Gill, of Washington, drew attention to it. Since then the poor animal has had no peace. Both the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park and the British Museum have issued warrants against him.

Captain Dow, of the Guatemala, who has been the means of apprehending so many unruly creatures of Central America and handing them over to the men of science to do just as they like with, is again acting in this instance, and offered at the various Panama railway stations a reward to any one who may bring him the new tapir, either dead or alive.

#### Excitement in a Circus.

We have laughed heartily over the following ludicrous story, and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment.

"A number of years ago, when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county, of there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also—as well as a great many others.

Pete Clayton was a tall fine-looking fellow—no noble specimen of our backwoodsman—standing six feet two in his stockings.

Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact that they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had not yet been divulged.

In the month of August, 1848, June's circus came through their town for the first time, and in fact it was the first circus that had ever passed that way, and there were a great many people that had never seen one. When the important day arrived, the town was filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, of course, and every young fellow had his sal. Now Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off until the next spring. When the ticket wagon was opened the tent was filled in a hurry, Pete and Sally had been looking through the side shows, and they were late getting in, and the performance had already commenced. They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat and though it could seat two thousand people, every seat was full.

"Never mind," said Sal, "I'd just as lief stand up."

But the gallant Pete couldn't think of it and said:

"Wait a minute, I'll get you a chair," and off he started, leaving Sal alone.

Just at this moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual costume, and dancing round the ring, stopped right in front of Sal and began to sing:

"Oh Sally is the gal for me."

This caused Sal to blush, for she thought the clown was looking at her. As she stood near the ring, of course she hid the view of those lower seats behind her, and as usual on such occasions the clown cracks his jokes at the offenders until they take the hint and find a seat, but she said she had rather stand up. At this the clown commenced his jokes, remarking to the ring-master:

"There's a chance for me now."

"A chance for you?"

"Yes, don't you see that gal has lost her beau, and she is looking at me, I know," and turning three or four somersaults, he stopped directly in front of Sal and began to sing:

"Oh Sally is the gal for me,  
I would not have no other,  
And if Sal died to-morrow night,  
I'd marry Sally's mother."

This, evidently meant for her, raised Sal's dander, and she burst out with,

"I'm the gal for you, am I? Marry my mother, would you? You low-lived, spotted scum of the earth! If my feller was here he would wallopp you for that! I wouldn't stay here another minute—nor neither would any decent people either!" Saying which she rushed out of the tent amid roars of laughter.

The clown assuming a comical attitude, remarked to the ring-master that his grandfather was a remarkable man, and so was his grandmother, too, but that gal beat all his forefathers.

At this juncture Pete rushed in, closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring, he squared off at the clown and said:

"I'll teach you to insult any female under my

charge?" and let fly at his opponent, and taking him plump in the face, sent him to mother earth, at which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully. Sally standing on the outside of the ring, clapped her hands and sung out:

"That's it Pete, give him Jessie, and we'll get married Christmas, sure!"

At this the ring-master and three or four others caught Pete and commenced to thrash him, when Pete's friends interferred and a general free fight ensued, which broke up the circus.

**OUR ALPHABET.**—While the classic alphabets, especially Greek, are clearly derived from the Hebrew Phœnician, whose first four letters, aleph, beth, gimel, daleth, are prot. Yes of alpha, beta, gamma, delta; the feoh, ur, thau, os, rad, cen, of the Anglo-Saxon futhorc show such a different nomenclature, collocation and arrangement as to warrant the inference, not only of its being a distinct and independent, but also a very ancient, if not a primitive, language. I say primitive, because no known ancient language survives whose alphabet groups its letters in the same order as the Anglo-Saxon futhorc. That order is—f, ul, th, ol, r, k, g, w, h, n, ll y (consonant), eð, p, x, a, t, b, el, m, l, ng, d, oð, æl, y (vowel), aq, q (7), g, s, st, dzh, z, \*, \*, v, \*, \*, a, ð, or and. [The asterisk (\*) indicates that the characters in those positions have some sound-power not yet ascertained.] Another mark of high antiquity is, that each letter is called by a name which is also the name for some substance or thing. To refer to the Hebrew, aleph is an ox; beth, a house or tent; gimel, a camel; and daleth, a door; and these letters were originally pictorial symbols of the things themselves, and were later simplified in form, so as to become phonetic letters, representing not things but sounds, and capable of being written more easily and quickly than the old pictorial forms. In the Anglo-Saxon futhorc, feoh means f and also cattle (as pecus meant before it meant money, pecunia), and probably one individual beast, an ox. Ur is a bull; thorn a tree, or a door; os, a mouth or entrance; rad, a saddle, and æu, a torch or a fir tree. The name of the character for b, beorc, means also a birch tree; that for æ, as in hall, æ, means an oak; that for s, as in hat, æs, an ash, etc. To call alphabetical letters by the names of natural objects beginning with the initial, is, I repeat, a mark of great antiquity. But I do not seek to present to take Bunic writing further back than to state and space only prevents me citing proofs of this fact, that the Teutonic people had this writing long before their conquest of Britain, brought it with them hither, and used it in their records and literature, until Roman missionaries gradually induced the Christianized Anglians to accept the Latin *abecedarium* in its stead, to the great phonetic loss of the languages of England. Its characters were much simpler in form than those of the Latin alphabet, as most of the Bunic letters consist of one upright stroke, like the letter I, with little marks attached at the head, foot, or on one or the other side, so as to form with ease a great number of distinct characters or letters.

The poppy, is employed as the floral sign of consolation; and, according to the Greek mythologists, it was created by Ceres, while in search of her daughter Proserpine, as a soothing of her grief. Laudanum, so often used as an opiate, is extracted from this plant, and that is doubtless the cause of its being chosen for the emblem of the alleviation of our troubles. Gesner, the pastoral poet and botanist, says that the lads and lasses of certain Swiss villages prove the sincerity of their lovers by placing a petal of poppy blossom in the hollow of the left hand palm, and then striking it with the other hand. If it broke with a sharp report, it attested the fidelity of the wooer; whilst if, on the contrary, it failed to break, it proved his or her faithlessness. Another and somewhat similar rustic custom is connected with the *marigold*, or *grif*. Goethe, in his grand tragedy of "Faust," makes a beautiful use of the superstition. It is in the well-known garden scene, where Faust is walking with the young and guileless Marguerite—a scene that Retzsch has chosen for his wildly suggestive pencil, and L. E. L. for her plaintive pen, for portrayal. The poor, love-lost girl, gathers a flower, and according to her simple method of divination, proceeds to pluck off the leaves, alternately repeating the words, "He loves me," "He loves me not." On arriving at the last leaf, she joyously exclaims, "He loves me!" and Faust, in spite of himself, overpowered by her childish innocence, breaks forth: "Yes! he loves thee! Let this floral sign be a decree of heaven!"

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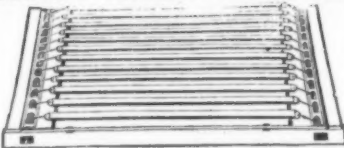
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